

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Established FEB. 1, 1881.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1898.

NO. 9.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

Main and Broadway,
Lexington, Ky.

The Bed of the Future.

Consigned to the past are the old-time beds, with their high posts, their towering canopies, and their fluttering draperies,

THE BED OF TODAY

Is of iron or brass, Light, clean attractive and strong, it combines in attractive form all the requisites of an up-to-date bed. The prices cover a wide range—

\$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00, etc.

White Enameled Dresser, \$12.50 and \$13.50.

Maple and Mahogany chamber furniture in attractive styles.

FOLDING BEDS—

Chiffonier Beds, full size—

\$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00

Mahogany finish, upright bed with 18x40 French mirror, at \$30.00. Look at our East window—Cut Price Sale of Pictures.

1898

Wall Papers now open and ready for inspection—All new designs and colorings. See us before placing your order. Liberal Discount for contracts now.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

Carpets, Furniture, Wall Paper.
LEXINGTON, KY.

O. EDWARDS.

See my select stock of Christmas supplies:

Nuts, 10c lb.

Figs, 8 to 15c lb.

Raisins, 8 to 15c lb.

Candies, 6 1-4 to 25c lb.

Dates, 7 1-2 c lb.

Oranges, 25 to 40c dozen.

Apples, bananas, prunes, grapes, pickles, dried fruits, oysters, celery, crackers, turkeys.

The cheapest line of fire works in Paris.

Come and see me.

O. EDWARDS,

Paris, Ky.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

WE ARE

Headquarters For Correct Styles.



Hats, "Knox" and "Dunlap" Styles, \$3.

New line of Shirts from 75c up. The very latest collars and cuffs—strictly up to date.

Collars, 15c to 20c.

Cuffs, 20c and 25c per pair.

Latest Neckties 25c, 50c and 75c. Full and complete line of gents' furnishings.

OUR HOLIDAY BARGAINS:

Our \$30 Business Suits for \$35.

Our \$35 Business Suits for \$30.

Our \$40 Business Suits for \$35.

Sold by others for \$55 to \$60.

Our \$30 Overcoats for \$25.

Our \$35 Overcoats for \$30.

Our \$40 Overcoats for \$35.

Sold by others for \$60.

Try our \$8 Trousers. Sold by others for \$15.

We mean what we say and can prove it. The above prices are for Cash.

PARIS FURNISHING & TAILORING CO.

H. S. STOUT, Manager.

JOE MUNSON, Catter.



DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS.

The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILLS ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale By W. T. Brooks, Druggist.

MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered In And About The 'Burg.

Ed Wilson is very ill with the fever. Miss Lucy Reese, of Mason, is the guest of Miss Alice Clarke.

Miss Minnie Evans returned Saturday from a visit to Lexington.

Miss Lula Best, of Washington, Mason county, is visiting relatives here.

Thos. McClintock sold to Chas. Cheney a pair of broke mules, for \$365.

Mr. L. Auxier and little son, of Covington, are guests of Dr. Hurt and family.

Mrs. Kate Richardson, of Lexington, is the guest of her mother Mrs. Mary Trotter.

Miss Alice Clark returned Friday from a visit with Miss Edith Bush, at Winchester.

Mr. Jack Allen, of Sharpsburg, was the guest of relatives here, Thursday and Friday.

Caleb Corrigton is having the rock hauled for the foundation of his new residence.

Mrs. Tom Pickrell, of Carlisle, was here Friday to visit her daughter, Miss Isabelle, at the M. F. C.

Mr. Allen Darnaby, of Lexington, was the guest of Miss Lida Clarke, from Saturday until Monday.

Miss Nannie Peed, of Mayslick, guest of Miss Dorothy Peed, went to Cynthia, Monday, to visit relatives.

If you want anything in the house-keeping line be sure to call on J. T. Hinton. He can suit you and save you money. (tf)

Mr. Jas. Johnson and Miss Lilla Curtis eloped to Paris, Friday night, and were married by Rev. F. J. Cheek at his residence.

Mr. Waller Allen and daughter, Miss Rosa D., of Sharpsburg, came down Friday. The latter is the guest of her cousin, Miss Lucylee Allen.

Frank and Claude Vimont sold Jas. A. Butler 500 bushels of wheat, at 86 cents, John N. Caldwell also sold him 500 bushels at same price.

The Masons of Halleck Lodge, of this place, will give a supper in their new lodge room, Friday evening, February 4th. They will also have instrumental music, singing and recitations. Several prominent speakers are expected. The proceeds will be used in furnishing their hall. All are invited.

The School Association held here Saturday was quite a success, but all were very much disappointed on account of the absence of Miss Kate Edgar, who was too ill to attend. Misses Taylor and Purnell wish to return their thanks to their friends for the music, singing, recitations, etc., also to those who helped furnish the lunch.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

— OF —

Fayette Co. Land

SCOTT CIRCUIT COURT

J. W. Nutter's Adm'r., Plaintiff,

vs.

J. W. Nutter's Heirs and Creditors, Defendants.

By virtue of the judgment rendered in the above cause at October Term, 1897, I will sell at public sale, to the highest and best bidder, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1898,

(being first day of February Term of Scott Circuit Court) at the West Front Court House door in Georgetown, Ky., about the hour of 12 o'clock M., on a credit of 12, 18 and 24 months, in equal installments, the following land, to-wit:

A tract of two hundred (200) acres of land in Fayette county, Ky., adjoining the lands of B. K. Nutter, of Robert Beatty, of Carrick brothers and of the heirs of Dr. Peters. The Horeb turnpike cuts off a few acres of the land on the east and borders the remainder on the east, and Elkhorn passes through the south end of it cutting off a few acres from the main tract, and it is bounded on the north by a dirt road leading from the Horeb pike to Lemon's mill.

Purchaser to give bond, with good and sufficient surety, bearing interest from date to have the force and effect of a sale bond. A lien will be reserved on the property sold until all the purchase money is paid.

JAS. F. ASKEW,
M. C. S. C. C.

This is good land, suited for tobacco, hemp, corn, wheat, grass, etc. Dwelling house and necessary outbuildings on it.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having claims against C. F. Clay, deceased, will present the same, properly proven according to law, to the undersigned Administrators.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to C. F. Clay, deceased, will please settle promptly with the Administrators.

B. J. & S. B. CLAY,

Administrators of C. F. Clay, deceased.
(11jan-4wk)

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Foyer.

Not now does the Paris maid look to see where her tolu wad is; She's too engrossed to leave her book—For she's buried in "Quo Vadis."

Mr. Clay Clement and his excellent company of players thoroughly delighted a large and fashionable audience with a perfect production of that beautiful pastoral, "The New Dominion," Saturday night at the Grand opera house. There is little that is new to be said of the play, which is chaste and charming, simple and beautiful. Mr. Clement's impersonation of the gentle, scholarly German nobleman, Von Hohenstaufen, was better—if possible, than on former visits, and he was forced to acknowledge half a dozen curtain calls and make a speech. Miss Karra Kenwyn (Mrs. Clement) is just as handsome and clever as of yore in the attractive role of Josephine Dulaney, and won new admirers. Mr. Jeffrey Williams was excellent as Marshal Bower, as was Mr. Frank Aiken as Norman Elgar Randolph, and Thos. O'Malley as Napoleon Randolph. Miss Nell McEwan made a dainty and pretty Flora May Randolph and filled the part most acceptably. Miss L. Gertrude O'Malley played the part of Martha very well indeed, and Miss Annie Filbourne and W. B. Mack also gave good support. Paris theatre-goers will give Mr. Clement a royal welcome in his new play, "A Southern Gentleman."

PETERS AND GREEN.

The Knoxville Tribune says of the Peters & Green Company (which appears at the opera house) Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinees: "There was not decent standing room at the theatre last night. The occasion was the first appearance of the Peters & Green Comedy Company, and every one got the worth of his money and something to spare. The entire company is up-to-date in every respect and the bill last night was bang up. It was an Irish farce, and side-splitting from the time the curtain rose to the end of the last act."

"Peters and Green are up far on the ladder in comedy work and they have surrounded themselves with an excellent company of people whose work is first class."

The company as a whole is conceded to be the best popular price company that ever held the boards at Staub's by everyone who saw the performance of last night."

Jersey City has probably the only church dancing class in America. It numbers sixty members and is taught by Rev. John Stoddard, pastor of St. John's Church, who organized the class just to show that dancing was not improper. His class meets every Thursday night. Rev. Stoddard's specialties are the two-step and polka-mazurka, and the terms are \$1 for eight lessons. Over 100 persons want to join the class.

Creston Clark, the splendid young actor who gave a fine performance here some time ago in "The Last of His Race," plays to-morrow night in Danville, and Friday night and Saturday afternoon in Lexington.

E. H. Sothern was born in New Orleans, but was taken when three years old to England where he was educated. His wife, Virginia Harned, is a Virginia girl.

Giles Shine, who is known to many Parisians, is playing the role of Richelieu in "Under The Red Robe," this week, at Louisville.

Wilton Lackaye and Frederick Warde have closed their tours at Chicago. Not enough money coming in and too much going out.

The Rev. John Talbott, a priest, of New York, has written a play called "The Black Cardinal."

Elita Proctor Otis will soon revive "Oliver Twist," assuming the role of Nancy Sikes.

DELINQUENT TAXES.

All persons who have not paid their poll-tax for 1897 are notified to call at the Sheriff's office and settle same and save costs.

(18jan-4t) JOS. WILLIAMS, C. B. C.

NOTICE.

Will not be responsible for any debts unless written order from me

S. BROOKS CLAY,

Supervisor of Public Roads.
(8jan-4t)

MASTER'S SALE

— OF —

Bourbon Co. Land!

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

Economy Building & Loan Association of Paris, Kentucky, Plaintiff,

vs.

N. E. P. Best, etc., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment of the Bourbon Circuit Court made and entered in the above styled cause at its November term, 1897, I will sell publicly at the Court house door, in Paris, Kentucky, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1898,

at about the hour of noon, the following described tracts of land, to-wit:

Beginning at 1 on the southeast edge of the pike leading from Millersburg to Ruddle Mills and running N 48° W 29.76 poles to 2, and of stone fence corner to Wilder; then with stone fence as it meanders N 50° E 5.40 poles to 3, N 33° E 1.48 poles to 4, N 43° E 20.40 poles to 5, a stone corner to S Thompson; then N 57° W 32.30 poles to 6, corner to Sarah Moore, then N 49° W 22.08 poles to a stake corner to Layson, then S 54° W 53.12 poles to 8, the north edge of the rock on said pike; then S 38° E 69.48 poles to 9, corner to Jerry Hall; then N 43° E 9.61 poles to 10, a stone corner to same; then S 48° E 20 poles to 11, the Southeast edge of the rock in said pike; then N 72° E 29 poles to 12, a bend in the pike; then N 83° E 14.56 poles to the beginning and containing 33 acres and 28 poles and is the same property conveyed to the said Nannie E. P. Best by M. L. Presley by deed of record in the office of the Clerk of the Bourbon County Court in deed book 74, at page 89.

Also, a certain tract of land lying near the above tract beginning at a stone corner to J. Bruce Smith; then S 48° E 19 poles to a stone on the N margin of the Ruddle Mills Turnpike; then crossing the pike at the bridge N 30° W 14 poles to a stone on the N margin of the pike thence N 48° E 10 poles to the beginning, containing 1 acre and 23 poles and is the same property conveyed to N. E. P. Best, by M. L. Presley by deed, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the debts, interest and costs of this action.

Said sale will be made upon credits of six and twelve months for equal parts of the purchase money and the purchaser will be required to execute bonds immediately upon the conclusion of said sale, with good surety to be approved by the undersigned Master Commissioner, payable to said Commissioner and bearing interest from date until paid at the rate of six per cent. per annum, having the force and effect of a judgment.

Said sale is made to satisfy a judgment in favor of the plaintiff, Economy Building & Loan Association of Paris, Kentucky, for \$1,479.88, with interest thereon from the 30th day of May, 1896, until paid, and \$10 costs of former suit, amounting on the day of sale to \$1,639.61, and also a judgment in favor of the Eagle Tobacco Warehouse Co. for \$600.00 with interest thereon from the 23rd day of February, 1897, until paid at the rate of 6 per cent per annum amounting on the day of sale to \$634.40, and the costs, to-wit, \$104.29, making the total sum to be raised on day of sale \$3,378.30.

EMMETT M. DICKSON,

Master Commissioner Bourbon Circuit Court.

McMILLAN & TALBOTT, Att'ys.

GOOD TIMES HAVE COME.

You can afford to indulge yourself or your family in the luxury of a good weekly newspaper and a quarterly magazine of fiction. You can get both of these publications with almost a library of good novels for \$5 per year.

THE JOURNAL OF SOCIETY
NEW YORK THURSDAY

world-famed for its brightness and the most complete General Weekly—covering a wider range of subjects suited to the tastes of men and women of culture and refinement than any journal—ever published. Subscription price, \$5 per annum.

TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS, a 256-page Quarterly Magazine of fiction, appearing the first day of March, June, September and December, and publishing original novels by the best writers of the day and a mass of short stories, poems, burlesques, witticisms, etc. Subscription price, \$5 per annum.

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Remit \$5 in New York exchange, express or postal money order, or by registered letter, together with a list of the 10 novels selected, by numbers, to

TOWN TOPICS,

205 Fifth Avenue, New York.

LIST.
1—THE SALE OF A SOUL. By C. M. S. McLellan.
2—THE COUSIN OF THE KING. By A. S. Van Western.
3—SIX MONTHS IN HAINES. By Charles I. Clingman.
4—THE SKIRTS OF CHANCE. By Captain Alfred Thompson.
5—ANTHONY KENT. By Charles Stokes Wayne.
6—AN ECLIPSE OF VIRTUE. By Champion Russell.
7—AN UNEXPLAINABLE SIREN. By John Gilliat.
8—THAT DECEITFUL WOMAN. By Harold R. Vynne.
9—A DEAL IN DENVER. By Oliver McKendree.
10—WHY SAYS GLADYS. By David Christie Murray.
11—A VERY REMARKABLE GIRL. By L. H. Rickard.
12—A MARRIAGE FOR HATE. By Harold R. Vynne.
13—OUT OF THE SULPHUR. By T. C. DeLeon.
14—THE WRONG MAN. By Champion Russell.
15—THE HUNT FOR HAPPINESS. By Anita Vesselt Chertres.
16—HENS-STRANGE EXPERIMENT. By Harold R. Vynne.
17—ON THE ALTAR OF PASSION. By John Gilliat.
18—A MARRIAGE TO LOVE. By John E. Wood.

MASTER'S SALE

— OF —

City Property.

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

Economy Building & Loan Association, Plaintiff,

vs.

Sallie Thomas, etc., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment of the Bourbon Circuit Court made and entered in the above styled cause on the 18th day of December, 1897, I will sell publicly at the court house door in Paris, Kentucky, about the hour of noon on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1898,

the following described real estate to-wit:

The certain house and lot situated on the South side of Chestnut street (now Seventh street) fronting on said street 40 feet and extending therefrom between parallel lines and with the line of Josephine Wilson on the East and the line of Mrs. Anna Elgin on the West to the line of Mangon's lot and is the same property conveyed to said Sallie Thomas by John L. Trundle and wife, by deed of date May 7th, 1890, which is of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Bourbon county at Deed Book 73, page 22, and is part of the property conveyed to John L. Trundle by Selby Lilliston and wife.

Said sale will be made upon credits of six and twelve months for equal parts of the purchase money and for which the purchaser will be required to execute bonds with good surety to be approved by the undersigned Master Commissioner, bearing interest from date until paid at the rate of six per cent. per annum, having the force and effect of a judgment.

Said sale is made to satisfy a judgment in favor of the plaintiff herein for the sum of \$640.66, with interest thereon from September 30th, 1896, until paid at the rate of six per cent. per annum, amounting principal and interest on the day of sale to the sum of \$692.65 and the costs of this suit, to-wit, \$375.85 making the total sum to be raised on the day of sale the sum of \$768.50.

EMMETT M. DICKSON,

Master Commissioner Bourbon Circuit Court.
McMILLAN & TALBOTT, Att'ys.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

— OF —

Bourbon County Land.

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

Nannie T. Martin's Ex'r, Plaintiff,

vs.

T. M. Fisher, etc., Defendants.

By virtue of an agreed order of sale in the above styled action entered at the Nov., 1897, term of the Court, the undersigned will on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1898,

about the hour of 11 a. m., o'clock at the Court-house door in Paris, Bourbon County, Kentucky expose to public sale the following real estate located near Ruddle Mills in Bourbon County, Kentucky, to-wit:

A tract of 131 acres, 0 rods and 17 poles of land lying in Bourbon County, Kentucky, near the town of Ruddle Mills adjoining the lands lately owned by J. W. McIlvain, the Millersburg & Ruddle Mills turnpike, the Willis Collins estate, the farm lately owned by Bourbon County as a poor house farm, the lands of J. J. Dimmitt and others, 121 acres, 0 rods and 17 poles thereof being the same lands conveyed to T. M. Fisher by Willis Collins and others by deed of record in the office of the Clerk of Bourbon County Court in deed book 52, page 8, and the remaining 10 acres being the same lands conveyed to said Fisher by Joshua Barton and others by deed recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Bourbon County Court in deed book 52, page 9, to which reference is made for a description of said lands by metes and bounds.

TERMS.—This sale will be made upon credits of 12 and 18 months for equal parts of the purchase money, and the purchaser will be required to execute bond with good surety to be approved of by the undersigned assignee bearing interest from date until paid at the rate of 6 per cent. This sale will be made free from the contingent dower right of the wife of T. M. Fisher. For further information apply to the assignee at Richmond, Ky.

H. B. HOGG,

Assignee of T. M. Fisher.
Or, McMILLAN & TALBOTT,
Att'ys. for Pltff.,
Paris, Ky.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY and active gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Kentucky. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, The Dominion Company, Dept. W. Chicago. (16nov-3t)

Always Delicate

But Hood's Sarsaparilla Has Made Her Strong and Rugged.

"My little girl has always been very delicate, and has been using Hood's Sarsaparilla. She has taken several bottles of this medicine and is a rugged child now. We believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has done what no other medicine could do." S. S. CARR, 1316 Grand Ave., Racine, Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Quite a Kid.

Joseph Jefferson a few weeks ago was walking in Boston with a friend. Mr. Jefferson met Judge Charles Levi Woodbury, and was then and there introduced to Judge Woodbury by the friend.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Jefferson," said Judge Woodbury. "You are not so tall a man as your father was." Whereupon Mr. Jefferson expressed his pleasure at meeting a friend and contemporary of his father.

"And you are not so large a man as your grandfather," whose acquaintance I also enjoyed," continued Judge Woodbury.

"Well, well," said Mr. Jefferson. "I'm something of a kid after all."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

When lovers form a combination an en-
gagement ring is the result.—Chicago Daily

A sprain may cripple but St. Jacobs Oil
Will cure it before it can. It cures.

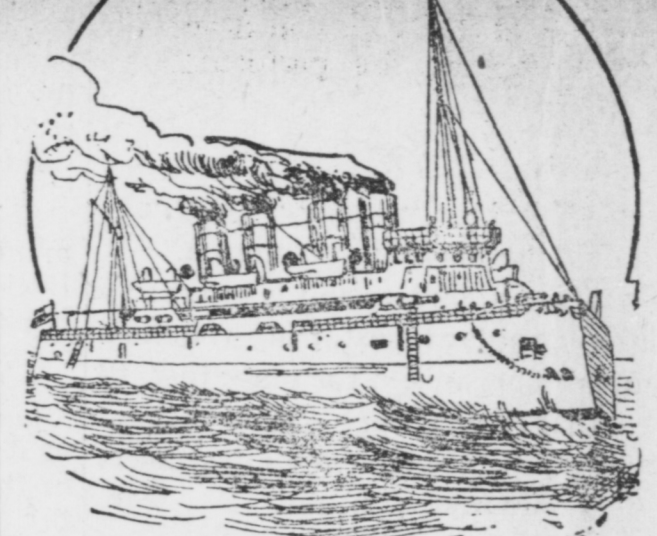
No man was ever blamed for being a gentleman, but many have been falsely accused of it.—Chicago Daily News.

Use St. Jacobs Oil promptly and freely
And say good-bye to neuralgia.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.



WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has authorized the issue in pamphlet form of a preliminary report upon the soils of the principal tobacco districts of the United States prepared by Milton Whitney, chief of the division of soils. A study of these soils was begun when the tobacco exhibit was being prepared for the Cuban exhibition at Havana.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

A perfect type of the
highest order of

excellence.



Walter Baker & Co's

Breakfast Cocoa

Cocoa
ABSOLUTELY PURE

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Delicious--Nutritious.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1780.

FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to gain 150,000 new customers, and hence offer

1 Pkg. 13 Day Radish,	10c
1 Pkg. Early Surprise Tomatoes	10c

1	"	Earliest Red Beet,	10c
1	"	Bismarck Cucumber,	10c
1	"	Queen Victoria Lettuce,	10c
1	"	Klondyke Melon,	15c
1	"	Jumbo Giant Onion,	15c
3	"	Brilliant Flower Seeds,	15c

Worth \$1.00, for 14 cents.

Above 10 pkgs. worth \$1.00, we will

mail you free, together with our great Plant and Seed Catalogue upon receipt of this notice and 14c. postage. We invite your trade and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never get along without them. Potatoes at \$1.50 a Bbl. Catalogue 5c. No. K 6

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD

How the Brigadier held the King.

By A. CONAN DOYLE

(COPYRIGHTED.)

CHAPTER V.

Finally he began to speak of what the English call sport, and he told such stories of the money which he had lost over which of two cocks could kill the other, or which of two men could strike the other the most in a fight for a prize, that I was filled with astonishment. He was ready to bet upon anything in the most wonderful manner, and when I chanced to see a shooting star he was anxious to bet that he would see more than me, twenty-five francs a star, and it was only when I explained that my purse was in the hands of the brigands that he would give over the idea.

Well, we chatted away in this very amiable fashion until the day began to break, when suddenly we heard a great volley of musketry from somewhere in the front of us. It was very rocky and broken ground, and I thought, although I could see nothing, that a general engagement had broken out. The Bart laughed at my idea, however, and explained that the sound came from the English camp, where every man



SUDDENLY WE HEARD A GREAT VOLLEY OF MUSKETRY.

emptied his piece each morning so as to make sure of having a dry priming. "In another mile we shall be up with the outposts," said he.

I glanced around at this and I perceived that we had trotted along at so good a pace during the time that we were keeping up our pleasant chat that the dragon with the lame horse was altogether out of sight. I looked on every side, but in the whole of that vast rocky valley there was no one save only the Bart and I—both of us armed, you understand, and both of us well mounted. I began to ask myself whether after all it was quite necessary that I should ride that mile which would bring me to the British outposts.

Now I wish to be very clear with you on this point, my friends, for I would not have you think that I was acting dishonorably or ungratefully to the man who had helped me away from the brigands. You must remember that of all duties the strongest is that which a commanding officer owes to his men. You must also bear in mind that war is a game which is played under fixed rules, and when these rules are broken one must at once claim the forfeit. If, for example, I had given a parole, then I should have been an infamous wretch had I dreamed of escaping. But no parole had been asked of me. Out of overconfidence and the chance of the lame horse dropping behind, the Bart had permitted me to get upon equal terms with him. Had it been I who had taken him I should have used him as courteously as he had me, but at the same time I should have respected his enterprise so far as to have deprived him of his sword, and seen that I had at least one guard besides myself. I reined up my horse and explained this to him, asking him at the same whether he saw any breach of honor in my leaving him.

He thought about it, and several times repeated that the English say when they mean "Mon Dieu." "You



I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO HURT THIS YOUNG MAN.

would give me the slip, would you?" said he.

"If you can give no reason against it," said the Bart, "is that I should instantly cut your head off if you should attempt it."

"Two can play at that game, my dear Bart," said I.

"Then we'll see who can play it best," he cried, pulling out his sword. I had drawn mine also, but I was quite determined not to hurt this admirable young man who had been my benefactor.

"Consider!" said I. "You say that I am your prisoner. I might with equal reason say that you are mine. We are alone here, and though I have no doubt that you are an excellent swordsman, you would hardly hope to hold your own against the best blade in the six light cavalry brigades."

His answer was a cut at my head. I parried and shore off half of his white plume. He thrust at my breast. I turned his point and cut away the other half of his cockade.

"Curse your monkey tricks!" he cried, as I wheeled my horse away from him. "Why should you strike at me," said I. "You see that I will not strike back."

"That's all very well," said he. "But you've got to come along with me to the camp."

"I shall never see the camp," said I. "I'll lay you nine to four you do," he cried, as he made at me, sword in hand.

But those words of his put something new into my head. Could we not decide the matter in some better way than by fighting? The Bart was placing me in such a position that I should have to hurt him, or he would certainly hurt me. I avoided his rush, though his sword point was within an inch of my neck.

"I have a proposal," I cried. "We shall throw dice as to which is the prisoner of the other."

He smiled at this. It appealed to his love of sport.

"Where are your dice?" he cried.

"I have none."

"Nor I but I have cards."

"Cards let it be," said I.

"And the game?"

"I leave it to you."

"Ecarte, then—the best of three."

I could not help smiling as I agreed. For I do not suppose that there were three men in France who were my masters at the game. I told the Bart as much as we dismounted. He smiled also as he listened.

"I was counted the best player at Watier's," said he. "With even luck you deserve to get off if you beat me."

So we tethered our two horses and sat down, one on either side of the great flat rock. The Bart took a pack of cards out of his tunic and I had only to see him shuffle them to convince me that I had no novice to deal with. We cut and the deal fell to him.

My faith, it was a stake worth playing for. He wished to add a hundred gold



"I HAVE A PROPOSAL," I CRIED.

pieces of a game, but what was money when the fate of Col. Etienne Gerard hung upon the cards? I felt as though all those who had reason to be interested in the game, my mother, my hussars, the Sixth corps d'armee, Ney, Messena, even the emperor himself, were forming a ring around us in that desolate valley. Heavens, what a blow to one and all of them should the cards go against me. But I was confident, for my ecarte play was as famous as my swordsmanship, and, save old Bouvet, of the hussars, who won seventy-six out of one hundred and fifty games off me, I have always had the best of a series.

CHAPTER VI.

The first game I won right off, though I must confess that the cards were with me, and that my adversary could have done no more. In the second I never played better and saved a trick by a finesse, but the Bart volted me once, marked the king, and ran out in the second hand. My faith, we were so excited that he laid his helmet down beside him, and I my busby.

"I'll lay my roan mare against your black horse," said he.

"Done," said I.

"Saddle, bridle and stirrups!" he cried.

"Done!" I shouted.

I had caught this spirit of sport from him. I would have laid my hussars against his dragons, had they been ours to pledge.

And then began the game of games. Oh, he played, this Englishman! he played in a way that was worthy of such a stake. But I—my friends, I was superb! Of the five which I had to make to win I gained three on the first hand. The Bart bit his mustache and drummed his hands, while I already felt myself at the head of my dear little musketeers.

On the second I turned the king, but lost two tricks, and my score was four to his two. When I saw my next hand I could not but give a cry of delight. If I cannot gain my freedom on this, thought I, I deserve to remain forever in chains.

Give me the cards, landlord, and I will lay them on the table for you. Here was my hand—knave and ace of clubs, queen and knave of diamonds and king of hearts. Clubs are trumps, mark you, and I had but one point between me and freedom. As you may think, I declined his proposal. He knew that it was the crisis, and he undid his tunic. I threw my dolman on ground. He led the ten of spades. I took it with my ace of trumps. One point in my favor. The correct play

was to clear the trumps, and I led the knave. Down came the queen upon it, and the game was equal. He led the eight of spades, and I could only discard my ace of diamonds. Then came the seven of spades, and the hair fairly stood straight up on my head. We each threw down a king at the finale. He had won two points, and my beautiful hand had been mastered by his inferior one. I could have rolled on the ground as I thought of it. They used to play very good ecarte at Watier's in the year '10. I say it—I, Brigadier Gerard. The last game was now for all. This next hand must settle it one way or the other. He undid his sash and I put away my sword belt. He was cool, this Englishman, and I tried to be also, but the perspiration would trickle into my eyes. The deal lay with him and I may confess to you, my friends, that my hand shook so that I could hardly pick my cards from the rock. But when I raised them what was the first thing that my eyes rested upon? It was the king, the king, the glorious king of trumps. My mouth was open to declare it when the words were frozen to my lips by the appearance of my comrade.

He held his cards in his hand, but his jaw had fallen and his eyes were staring over my shoulder with



MY BEAUTIFUL HAND HAD BEEN MASTERED.

the most dreadful expression of consternation and surprise. I whisked round, and I myself was amazed at what I saw.

Three men were standing quite close to us—fifteen meters at the farthest. The middle one was of a good height, and yet not too tall—about the same height in fact that I am myself. He was clad in a dark uniform with a small cocked hat and some sort of white plume upon the side. But I had little thought for his dress. It was his face, his gaunt cheeks, his beak of a nose, his masterful blue eyes, his thin firm slit of a mouth which made one feel that this was a wonderful man, a man of a million. His brows were tied into a knot, and he cast such a glance at my poor Bart from under them that one by one the cards came fluttering down from his nerveless fingers. Of the two other men, one, who had a face as brown and as hard as though it had been carved out of old oak, wore a bright red coat, while the other, a fine portly man with bushy side whiskers, was in a blue jacket with gold facings. Some little distance behind three orderlies were holding as many horses, while an escort of lancers were waiting in the rear.

"Heh, Crawford, what the devil's this?" asked the thin man.

"D'you hear, sir," cried the man with the red coat. "Lord Wellington wants to know what this means."

My poor Bart broke into an account of all that had occurred, but that rock-face never softened for an instant.

"Pretty fine, 'pon my word, Gen. Crawford," he broke in. "The discipline of this force must be maintained, sir! Report yourself at headquarters as a prisoner."

It was dreadful to me to see the Bart mount his horse and ride off with hanging head. I could not endure it. I threw myself before this English general. I pleaded with him for my friend. I told him how I, Col. Gerard, would witness what a dashing young



"REMOVE THE PRISONER TO THE REAR."

officer he was. Ah, my eloquence might have melted the hardest heart; I brought tears to my own eyes, but none to his. My voice broke and I could say no more.

"What weight do you put on your mules, sir, in the French service?" he asked. Yes, that was all this phlegmatic Englishman had to answer to these burning words of mine. That was his reply to what would have made a Frenchman weep upon my shoulder.

"What weight on a mule?" asked the man with the red coat.

"Two hundred and ten pounds," said I.

"Then you load them deucedly badly," said Lord Wellington. "Remove the prisoner to the rear."

His lancers closed in upon me, and I—I was driven mad, as I thought that the game had been in my hands and I ought at that moment to be a free man. I held the cards up in front of the general.

"See, my lord!" I cried, "I played for my freedom and I won, for, as you perceive, I hold the king."

For the first time a slight smile softened his gaunt face.

"On the contrary," said he, as he mounted his horse, "it was I who won, for, as you perceive, my king holds you."

[THE END.]

Clear Case.—Justice—You are accused of resisting a police officer.

Toots—Then I plead guilty to insanity.—N. Y. World.

THE ETIQUETTE OF SOUPS.

Important Points for the Careful Housekeeper.

When the question of the greatest nutrition at the smallest physical cost comes up for consideration, it is just here that the soup subject claims attention, its range of merits embracing all the possibilities between a mild stimulant (merely) and a very condensed form of nourishment. Soup is your table diplomat. It can excite the appetite for good things to come, or by quite satisfying all inward cravings make diners indifferent as to what follows.

Never make the mistake, dear housekeeper, of serving either to your family or guests a nourishing soup when you have a good dinner. If you do, be sure that all that follows will fall short of appreciation. No matter what delightful surprises are in reserve, they will bring you no glory; the praise accorded you will be perfunctory. Even at dinner, however, there will be opportunities for serving your best soups; but keep the secret to yourself—it will be when the dinner itself is slim or faulty.

Never, if you value your character as a housekeeper, allow a greasy soup to appear on your table. The regular "soup-digester" has a faucet near the bottom where the clear soup, without any fat, may be drawn off. But the vessel universally used is a large granite or porcelain-lined pot or kettle, and with these the grease must be differently managed. The best way is to strain the soup and let it stand over night, when all the fat may be lifted in a hardened cake from the top. But if stock is required for use the day it is made the required quantity must be taken out, chilled and skimmed. In an emergency, when there is no time for cooling, take out twice the quantity needed and skim, and skim—till no more fat is to be seen—then draw blotting or wrapping paper over the surface to take up the last chance particles left.—Ella Morris Kretschmar, in Woman's Home Companion.

FOGGY BOTTOM PHILOLOGY.

A Unique and Logical Definition of the Term Parachute.

"Dey's habbin' er greddeal o' talk 'bout dishere norf pole," remarked Miss Miami Brown, in an effort to make conversation at a parlor social.

"Deed dey is," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I wondus what keeps folks goin' up dar."

"Oh, dey likes ter keep movelin' along. Seems like folks ain' pleased 'er stay in no one place unless dey's behin' in de rent; an' den dey hol's on like grim de'f."

"I reckon a good many goes up dar foh de sake o' de game."

"Nope. Dey doesn't go frow all dat trabble jes' foh de plaisir o' goin' huntin'," was the positive reply.

"Scuse me, Mistuh Pinkley, but dey does."

"How kin you tell?"

"By de news."

"I ain' hyuhd o' nobody goin' dar huntin' anyfin' 'ceptin' trouble an' ice water."

"Which shows dat while you may hab er gret gif o' conversationality, when it comes right down ter perusin' you ain' so multiplicativeous."

Mr. Pinkley looked at her admiringly for a moment, and then exclaimed: "Do it?"

"Yas, suh. De way I knows dey's gone huntin' is case one gemman dat went in a balloon took along a parachute."

"I reckon dat's sumpin' what I gunno."

"Deed, 'tisn'. You doesn' recognize de language—dat's all. Lemme 'splain to yer. A pair o' anyfin' is two o' 'em, ain't it?"

"Sho' nuff."

"You know what a shoot is, doesn't yer?"

"Sho'."

"Well, puttin' 'em tergevuh, a parachute cain't be nuffin' else dan a double-barled shotgun."—Washington Star.

A Clever Child's Enemies.

We should not hear so much about the "rugged path of genius" if the native powers of children were not so lovingly and unwisely magnified in the little world of home. The most unreliable of all critics are one's relatives and friends, who are too partisan to judge of one's work fairly, and too kind to point out flaws, even if they see them. In such matters it may be said that the child's enemies are those of his own household. Some parents would urge their tender offspring to expect eternal fame in the art of sculpture on no better ground than because he could fashion a snow-drift into the semblance of a man. These kindly critics often, too, mistake the child's mere "taste" for music, literature, etc., for creative power in these branches of art. A sufficiently hard lesson for the young enthusiast to learn is the enormous difference between the creative and appreciative faculties. Victory awaits the true child of genius, but woe to the pretender; Better to administer early to the mistaken little prig the salutary snub rather than leave that office to a disappointed and wrathful public.—Carrie E. Garrett, in Woman's Home Companion.

Ourselves and Others.

Pleasant thoughts and feelings of every kind that come to us are far too often buried in the oblivion of silence. The seed which, if planted in the hearts and lives of those around us, would bring forth rich harvests of happiness, is carelessly thrown away. Such impressions should be regarded as a kind of trust for all those who can participate in them. If we have any bright thought, any hopeful outlook, any joyful experience, any loving emotion, let us hasten to share and diffuse it. If any ray of sunshine has penetrated our hearts or lives, let us glad! shed it on the pathway of others.—Telsure Hours.

What He Wanted.
"I tell you, Parker, money is scarce."
"Don't be scared. I'm not going to dun you for that ten dollars you owe me."
"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that. I was fixing to ask you to lend me another ten."—Harlem Life.

An Effete Monarchy.
"My mind to me a kingdom is,"
And very badly governed, too;
It's overtaxed to make display
By far beyond its modest due.
—Chicago Journal.

PIECE OF RESISTANCE.



—Harlem Life.

A Toast.

Here's hoping every breeze that blows
Across the world so sunny,
Will blow a bee toward a rose
Whose heart is sweet with honey!
—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Usual Result.

"How is your club for the interchange and development of ideas getting along?"

"Well, so far, it has developed the idea in each member that he is the only man who has any ideas."—Indianapolis Journal.

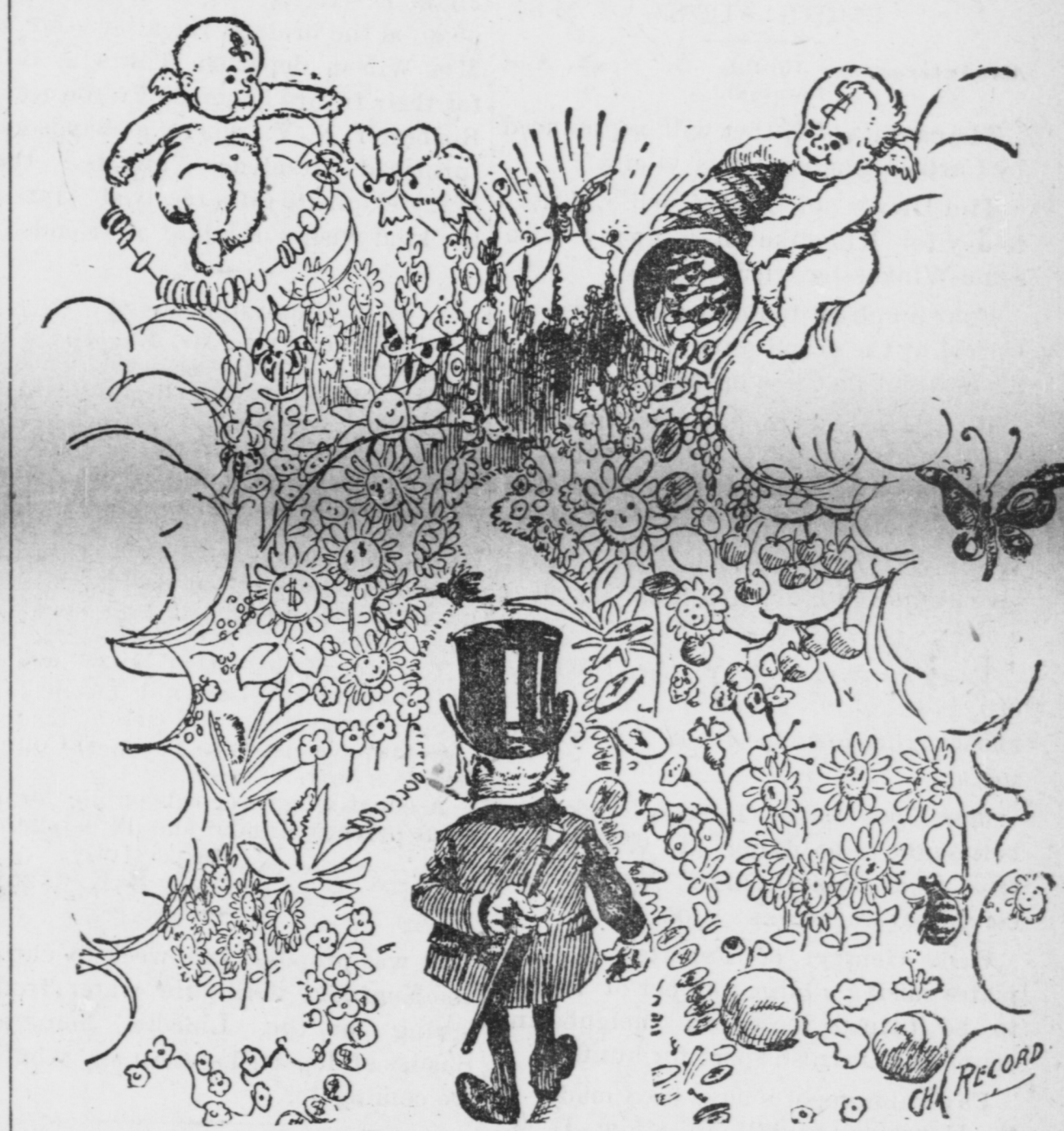
Fitting.

Jeweler—You can have this ring for two dollars, if you do not object to wearing anything gold filled.

Rosie O'Grady (loftily)—I guess I can stand it; two of my teeth are gold filled.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Illegal.

"Why don't you fill that tire?" said she.
Its looks did quite disgust her;
"It is against the law," said he.
"To fill-a-buster!"
—Cycling Gazette.



THE BUSINESS MAN'S HOPEFUL PROSPECT FOR THE PRESENT YEAR

Before and After.
Rex—All men believe in luck till they've made their "pile."

Bess—And what do they believe in after that?

Rex—Themselves.—Town Topics.

A Strapping Fellow.
Biedad—I thought you said your son was a strapping fellow! Why, he is not five feet tall.

Wiggins—No, but he teaches a country school.—N. Y. Truth.

Out of Sight.
Cholly—I say, old boy, I've just had my mustache shaved off. How do I look?

Algy—Simply smooth.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Reprehensible Tautology.
Twynn—Ricketts is the most tautological chap I ever hear speak.
Triplett—What is his latest offense?
Twynn—He spoke of the deadly cigarette.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Consistent.
Mabel—There's that Jones girl. Don't you bow to her?
Maud—I never even look at her—what an atrocious gown she's wearing.—Brooklyn Life.

Naval Engagement.
He—I don't suppose you ever saw a naval engagement?
She—Oh, yes, I have; my sister was engaged to be married to a lieutenant in the navy, once.—Yonkers Statesman.

Handicapped.
"What is versatility?"
"Versatility is having so many talents that you can't get time to make a living with any of them."—Chicago Record.

Instruction.
Johnny—And does the gas meter measure the quantity of gas you use?
Papa—No, my son; the quantity you have to pay for.—Puck.

Corroborative Testimony.
Visitor—Pat says he's descended from some of the greatest houses in Ireland.
Mike—Mush! So he did, many a toime—on a ladder!—Tit-Bits.

It Wasn't Necessary.
"I suppose," said the village deacon to the minister, "that your constant prayer is that you may ever be poor and humble."
"Not exactly," replied the minister. "I pray that I may remain humble, but my congregation attends to the other part of it."—Chicago Daily News.

Ab, No!
Impatient Husband (tired of holding his chin up)—It's taking you an awfully long time to fix this necktie, Laura.
Patient Wife—You never used to complain about the length of time it took me to smooth out your neckties before we were married, George.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Bold Deceivers.
Mrs. Newed—I want to confess something to you, dearest. I deceived you about my age; it is more than I told you.
Mr. Newed—Then I may as well reciprocate, darling. I deceived you about my income; it is less than I told you.—Tit-Bits.

A Model Wife.
"They say poor Roamer's wife fairly drives him to drink."
"That must have been what Soaker meant when he told me there were too few such women as Mrs. Roamer."—Chicago Journal.

Two Extremes.
"Why did you ever come to this frozen country?" asked one shivering traveler of another in the Chilkat pass.
"My creditors made it too hot for me in New York," said the other through his chattering teeth.—Brooklyn Life.

Willing to Try.
Rapturous Youth—Darling, my salary is \$20 a week. Do you think you could live on that?

His Affianced—Why, yes, George, I can get along on that. But what'll you live on?—Chicago Tribune.

Rapid Progress.

Trivvet—Hello, Borrowe, how are you getting along?

Borrowe—Famously, Trivvet, famously. I am \$2,000 more in debt than I was last year, and have less to show for it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Usual Time.

"What do you do when you get drowsy in the office?"

"I never get drowsy in the office; I get drowsy in the evenings when my wife reads to me."—Chicago Record.



THE BUSINESS MAN'S HOPEFUL PROSPECT FOR THE PRESENT YEAR

Breathing.
Bending low his knightly head, he breathed a vow.

"He will break it," she faltered, aside, and shivered.

For his breath was very strong.—N. Y. Journal.

A Division.
"Well, Pat, did your father leave you anything in his will?"

"Yes, sir; he left me part of the house, and me brother has divided it. He has kept the inside and I have the outside."—The Rival.

How He Managed It.
"I think I'll take a day off,"
Remarked the office lad.
And he straightway tore another leaf
From the boss' calendar pad.
—N. Y. World.



THE MODERN CASABIANCA.
The boy stood on the burning deck,
As straight as noble Festus;
He said: "I'm not a bit afraid,
My suit's made of asbestos."
—London Idler.

Dodging Germs.
"Why have you taught your baby boy to eat onions?"
"It keeps people from kissing him."—Chicago Record.

Personal Property.
Wife—I notice, dear, that you have five new wrinkles in your face.
Husband—Well, what of it? They're all mine, anyhow.—Judge.

Locating the Trouble.
"Are you in pain, my little man?"
asked the kind old gentleman.
"No," answered the boy. "The pain's in me."—Tit-Bits.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, } Editors and Owners.
BRUCE MILLER, }

Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Displays, one dollar per inch for first insertion; half rates each insertion thereafter. Locals, or reading notices, ten cents per line each insertion. Locals in black type, twenty cents per line each insertion. Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at line-rates. Obituaries, cards of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of a like nature, ten cents per line. Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly cards.

PLEASE, Mr. President, let's don't have any war over Cuba—or anything else. One pension list is more than sufficient.

The charges of bribery and corruption growing out of the Ohio senatorial election have increased the sentiment in Congress in favor of Mr. Corlies' bill to provide for the election of Senators by the popular vote. The bill, it is believed, would easily pass in the House.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

The cantata of Esther will be produced by Carlisle amateurs this month.

Tim Dwyer, of Nicholasville, leaves to-day for Klondike in company with some Winchester friends.

Four hundred indictments were returned by the grand jury at Louisville against slot machine operators.

Robt Lee Browning, a leading dry goods merchant of Maysville, committed suicide yesterday by shooting himself.

During the past three years Miss Ute Welsh, of Cynthiana, has found over seven hundred four, five and six leaf c'overs.

The gold reserve has reached \$163,970,000, and the Government is no longer encouraging the deposit of the yellow metal.

Mrs. Thos Lane (Lucile Blackburn) is thought to be dying at Washington from an accidental bullet wound received several weeks ago.

Gen. Gentry, of Fayette, contemplates raising a large number of rabbits to be turned loose in neighboring counties to furnish sport for hunters.

Favorable reports have been made to the House on the bill to allow L. L. Johnson, of Scott County, Kentucky, \$30,000 for supplies taken during the war.

Two Christian Scientists, who allowed members of their families to die without medical attention, have been arrested at Kokomo, Ind., on the charge of manslaughter.

Miss Hallie Ermine Rives, a Kentucky girl, who wrote "Smoking Flax," has fretted herself ill over adverse comment by Northern critics on her novel. She is a cousin of the author of "The Quick or The Dead."

At Frankfort Friday Judge Cantrill disbarred ex-Attorney General Jack Hendrick from further practice as attorney in this state. It is alleged that Mr. Hendrick is wrongfully withholding \$1,300 in railroad taxes which he collected for the state.

Land and a Living

Are best and cheapest in the New South. Land \$3 to \$5 an acre. Easy terms. Good schools and churches. No blizzards. No cold waves. New illustrated paper, "Land and a Living," 3 months, for 10 cents, in stamps. W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Queen & Crescent Route, Cincinnati.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
DR. PRICE'S

PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Solemnizations Of The Marriage Vows.

It is rumored that a well known L. & N. man, of Paris, is soon to be married to a lady in a neighboring city.

Robt. Wood and Miss Nancy Elizabeth Claypole were married Friday by Rev. F. J. Cheek at the residence of Dr. R. T. Wood.

James Johnson and Miss Leila May Curtis, both of Millersburg, eloped to this city Friday night, and were married at the home of County Clerk Ed. Paton by Rev. F. J. Cheek.

The engagement of Miss Harriet Bain bridge Richardson, who figured in the controversy over the honor of christening of the battleship Kentucky, to Mr. James Tandy Ellis, the well known Kentucky poet, has been announced. The wedding will occur in June.

The friends of Prof. Edwin Boone, the hypnotist, will be agreeably surprised to learn that he has been married for several months to Miss Lucia Shaper, who is quite a handsome young lady. They are now in Colorado, but will come to Paris in the Spring for a visit to Prof. Boone's parents.

The marriage of Miss Madie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Cooper, of Covington, to Mr. Clarence De Foe Wilson, of Rochester, N. Y., was beautifully solemnized Thursday afternoon at the First Baptist Church, Covington, Rev. C. G. Jones officiating. The ushers, Messrs. Matthew Turney, of Paris, Ky.; Arthur Hubbard, of Covington; Will E. Vawter, of Rochester, N. Y.; and Tom Hobbs, of Covington, preceded the bride, who entered with her maid of honor, Miss Florence Greer, of Newport News. The bride's costume was of white silk tulle, over Duchesse satin, with lace and ribbon garniture. She wore a tulle veil, and carried a huge bouquet of bride's roses. Miss Greer was becomingly gowned in pink organza, over pink satin, with profuse adornment of ruffles and narrow satin ribbons. She carried pink roses. The groom, with best man, his uncle, Mr. John F. Houx, of Marshall, Mo., awaited the bride at the altar. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson departed Thursday night for their future home, 50 Fulton avenue, Rochester, N. Y., where a handsomely furnished residence awaits them. Many exquisite gifts received expressed the kind wishes of a host of friends.

[Communicated.]

A Card From Mr. Kennedy.

THE editor of the (Republican) Reporter, sir, was pleased to send me a copy of same the past week containing praise of the defunct Fiscal Court, and also advice to Bourbon's new court.

I was astonished at the Reporter's audacity and presumption, for the work done by the retired court, and the quality, and the expenditures speak for themselves.

The "toe of the voters' boots" was the judgment of an observant public. The people have spoken and will act!

Common sense is to run the County's business now.

A court which regards public property as private plunder should be silent.

Respectfully,
J. B. KENNEDY.

The Merry Mardi Gras.

Mardi Gras festivities of the most elaborate character this year at New Orleans and at Mobile. The Royal Road is the Queen & Crescent. Vestibuled trains Cincinnati to New Orleans in 24 hours. Excellent through service. Only line running running Cafe, Parlor and Observation cars. One fare round trip for the occasion, from all points on the Queen & Crescent. W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati.

New crop currents, raisins, citron peaches, prunes, apricots, hominy, oat meal, rolled oats.
(11)
NEWTON MITCHELL.

THE Northwestern is carrying nearly \$1,000,000 insurance on the lives of Bourbon County's representative citizens. Call on R. P. Dow, Jr., for particulars. (26cc-8t)

WE are offering some choice ladies', misses, and children's shoes at special prices. Don't fail to take advantage of the offer.

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGLIG.

To Cure A Cold In One Day.

TAKE Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. For sale by W. T. Brooks and James Kennedy, Paris, Ky.

Your Life Insured—1c. a Day.

OUR insurance is protected by bankable paper on the Capital City Bank of Columbus, O. There can be no stronger guarantee given you. We dare not use a bank's name without authority, if you doubt it, write them. Good health is the best life insurance. Wright's Celery Capsules gives you good health, they cure Liver, Kidney and Stomach trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation and Sick Headaches. 100 days' treatment costs 1c. a day. A sight draft on above bank, in every \$1 box, which brings your money back if we fail to cure you. Sold by W. T. Brooks, druggist.

Wasting in Children

can be overcome in almost all cases by the use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil and the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. While it is a scientific fact that cod-liver oil is the most digestible oil in existence, in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

it is not only palatable, but it is already digested and made ready for immediate absorption by the system. It is also combined with the hypophosphites, which supply a food not only for the tissues of the body, but for the bones and nerves, and will build up the child when its ordinary food does not supply proper nourishment.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper.
All druggists; 50c. and \$1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers of Stock, Crop, Etc.

Turf Notes.

J. C. Hays, of Woodford, sold 11,700 pounds of tobacco in Louisville at thirteen cents.

T. H. Griffin, formerly of this city, now of Denver, expects to take a stable of trotters to Austria and race them some time in the future.

The South Elkhorn Stock Farm, at Frankfort, has sold Norval, 2:09, by Electioneer, to J. C. Linnerman, of Lima, O., for a large price. Col. Pepper bought Norval for \$15,000 nine years ago.

Hon. W. H. McMillan has placed in Doug Thomas' hands to be trained and campaigned, the gelding Nutprince, race record of 2:28. He is by Nutbreaker 2:24, and is much faster than his record. It is said Nutprince can go in 2:10.

The farmers of Bourbon are pleased with the outlook for wheat this year, and think if no dry freeze occurs the crop should furnish a generous yield. The average is somewhat larger than last year. A week of snow just now would be of great benefit to the crop.

Doug Thomas has purchased of Labe Riddell, of Mt. Sterling, a half interest in the fast four-year-old gelding, "Straight Ticket." He is by Barou Wilkes 2:18, dam by Pretender. Ed Bedford drove him a mile, last fall as a three-year-old, in 2:16 over Doug's track.

Weed, of Louisville, says: "T. H. Clay, of Austerlitz, Bourbon county, sold a remarkable crop of tobacco Wednesday. The crop raised on seven acres of ground was 15,605 pounds. Mr. Clay sold it at a gross average of \$13.33, realizing net \$2,025.34. This makes an acreage of a fraction over 2,228 pounds an acre, or in dollars, \$279.33 per acre. Does any other Kentucky crop make the farmer as much?"

Doug Thomas will have a candidate for the great M. & M. stake this year in either Bessie Owens trial of 2:13, or Geo. Alex 2:28, trial of 2:14. Bessie Owens is five years old, and a sister to the good race horse Dentine, 2:13 at four years old. Geo. Alex is six years old, and is also nearly full brother to Dentine. They made their heats over the farm track which is conceded to be three seconds slow. Geo. Alex trotted the last quarter in 31 1/2 seconds.

Baby Mine!



Every mother feels an indescribable dread of the pain and danger attendant upon the most critical period of her life. Becoming a mother should be a source of joy to all, but the suffering and danger of the ordeal make its anticipation one of misery.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

is the remedy which relieves women of the great pain and suffering incident to maternity; this hour which is dreaded as woman's severest trial is not only made painless, but all the danger is removed by its use. Those who use this remedy are no longer dependent or gloomy; nervousness, nausea and other distressing conditions are avoided, the system is made ready for the coming event, and the serious accidents so common to the critical hour, are obviated by the use of Mother's Friend. It is a blessing to woman.

\$1.00 PER BOTTLE at all Drug Stores, or sent by mail on receipt of price. BOOKS Containing invaluable information of interest to all women, will be sent to any address, upon application, by THE BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Yesterday's Temperature.

The following is the temperature as noted yesterday by A. J. Winters & Co., of this city:

7 a. m.	30
8 a. m.	30
9 a. m.	26
10 a. m.	26 1/2
11 a. m.	26 1/2
12 m.	27
2 p. m.	26 1/2
3 p. m.	25
4 p. m.	25
5 p. m.	23
7 p. m.	20

The L. & N.'s Generosity.

CHAS. B. COMPTON, General Freight Agent, has notified Mr. F. B. Carr, L. & N. agent at this city, that the Louisville & Nashville will transport free of charge to either Mobile or New Orleans all donations of food, clothing or other necessary supplies intended for the relief of the suffering people of Cuba.

The semi-annual civil service examinations will be held in Kentucky on the following dates: Louisville, April 20 and 21; Winchester, April 22. The examinations are for nearly all places in the public service.

FOUND.—A store key. Owner can have same by calling at THE NEWS office and paying for this advertisement.

We are just as thankful for a small package as a large one. Each will receive the same thorough and careful attention. If we get the former it will in time grow to the latter by the satisfaction you will derive in wearing our laundered work.

BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

ARMOUR'S sliced star bacon at McDermott & Spears.

TRY our Bromangdon—the most delicious dessert jelly ever produced. McDermott & Spears.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches. 50c at druggists.

A Shattered Nervous System.

FINALLY HEART TROUBLE.
Restored to Health by Dr. Miles' Nervine.



DR. EDWARD HARDY, the jolly manager of Sheppard Co.'s great store at Brackenridge, Ill., writes: "I had never been sick a day in my life until 1890. I got so bad with nervous prostration that I had to give up and commence to doctor. I tried our local physicians and one in Joliet, but none gave me any relief and I thought I was going to die. I became despondent and suffered untold agony. I could not eat, sleep nor rest, and it seemed as if I could not exist. At the end of six months I was reduced to but a shadow of myself, and at last my heart became affected and I was truly miserable. I took six or eight bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine. It gave me relief from the start, and at last a cure, the greatest blessing of my life."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

OPTICIAN

L. H. Landman, M. D.,
Of No. 503 W. Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Will be at the Windsor Hotel, Paris, Ky.,

TUESDAY, FEB. 8TH, 1898, returning every second Tuesday in each month.

Optician Landman has been visiting this city regularly for over five years, and has adjusted glasses to the eyes of the best people of Paris and Bourbon County, and has proven himself competent, thorough, reliable and honest.

You can get Landman's glasses from Clark & Clay's drug store, between his visits, and when he makes his regular visit he will examine your eyes thoroughly and make any change necessary to give satisfaction. Examination free.

REFERENCES.—Drs. W. & J. Fithian, Eads, Buck, Fithian & Bowen, and C. D. Cram, of Paris.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
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DESIGNS
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; 6 months, \$3. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 657 F St., Washington, D. C.

HAVE YOU DECIDED TO BUY



A NEW CARPET

THIS SPRING?

My 1898 Line Of

CARPETS

Are equal if not superior to any shown in Kentucky. Make your selection now and get choice of a beautiful assortment.

You will find the line of

1898 WALL PAPERS

Match the carpets beautifully, and I can show you the best made in price, quality, beauty and workmanship. Special prices on contract work. Persons anticipating having any papering done will do well to get my prices before the busy season commences.

Elegant line of Pictures and Room Mouldings. Send me your old furniture to be repaired. Your furniture moved by experienced hands.

J. T. HINTON

Wood Mantels furnished complete. Undertaking in all its branches.

Embalming scientifically attended to. CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

FRESH

GROCERY STOCK.

NEWTON MITCHELL,

THE POPULAR GROCER,

Is daily displaying an extra choice line of Special Fancy groceries, etc. Below is mentioned some of the standard and select stock. If you want good goods, you will find just that sort at my store. I will be pleased to fill your order and assure you the very best goods to be had.

EVAPORATED FRUITS: Peaches, Prunes, Apricots, Pears.

Champagne French Peas. Early Salmon Sardines

Pearl Hominy, Rice, Oat Meal, Rolled Oats.

Olives, Capers, Chow Chow, Tabasco Sauce.

Edam Cheese, N. Y. Cream Cheese, Pineapple Cheese. Imported Macaroni, Domestic Macaroni.

Pure Buckwheat Flour. Pure Maple Syrup.

Nancamp Pork and Beans. Nancamp Tomato Catsup.

Choice Celery. Baltimore Oysters.

ISGRIG TURKEYS.

Finest Chocolate Candies. Mixed and Stick Candies.

Almonds, Pecans, Filberts, Cream Nuts.

Loose Muscatel Raisins. London Layer Raisins. Seedless Raisins. Citron, Figs, Dates.

NEWTON MITCHELL, THE GROCER,

Main St., adjoining Northern Bank. - - - - - PARIS, KY.

GEO. W. DAVIS

— DEALER IN —
Furniture, Window Shades, Oil Cloths, Carpets, Mattresses, Etc.

Special attention given to Undertaking and Repairing.
MAIN STREET, - - - - - PARIS, KY.

New Laundry Agency.

I HAVE secured the agency for the Winchester Power Laundry—a first-class institution—and solicit a share of the public patronage. Work or orders left at Clarke & Clay's drug-store will receive immediate attention. Work called for and delivered promptly.
Respectfully,
BRUCE HOLLADAY.
(16ap-1f)

GO TO Buck and Bill's Barber Shop

For first-class work. Three first-class barbers. All work done strictly first-class. Next door to Bourbon Bank. (4ncv-1f)

Telephones For Sale.

Two good telephones, good for distance of 500 miles. Will sell cheap. Can be used in the country. Apply to THE NEWS office for particulars. (2f)

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]
 One year.....\$2.00 [Six months.....\$1.00]
 NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

We remove the "rough edges" from collars and cuffs and mould them round and smooth. It is a pleasure to wear our laundered linen.

BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

QUEEN OLIVES—Fee & Son.

TO-MORROW will be Ground Hog Day.

WHEAT closed at \$1.04 yesterday at Chicago.

ATTENTION is directed to Twin Bros. big ad on eighth page.

ELEVEN pounds four (xxxx) coffee for \$1.00. FEE & SON.

CRAIG SHIPP and wife have joined the Christian Church at Georgetown.

REV. DR. VARDEN addressed the Y. M. C. A. at Lexington Sunday afternoon.

THE Argonaut says that Eld. Taylor Sharrard and wife are preparing to go to housekeeping in that city.

THE State convention of the Kentucky Young Men's Christian Associations will meet at Maysville, February 17-20.

CHAS. HILL left yesterday for Klondike. His friends trust that he will make a safe journey and return with a fortune.

THE Fiscal Court will meet to-morrow to discuss several important matters relating to the county affairs. The turnpike question will come in for a liberal share of attention.

A DISPATCH from Washington states that President McKinley has agreed upon Sherman Stivers for postmaster of Paris. He has resigned as a member of the City Council.

CONDUCTOR JULIUS HERRICK, of this city, will have charge of Conductor John Throckmorton's passenger train on the L. & N., until Capt. Throckmorton returns from his wedding trip.

THE Kentucky and Tennessee Board of Fire Underwriters has authorized a cut of twenty to twenty-five per cent on dwelling house risks in fourth-class towns. North Middletown and 150 other places in Kentucky will be benefited.

MR. DICK HARRIS, who has been suffering for ten days from a fall caused by slipping on the tiling in his room, is much improved. His head struck the grate-bars, and the points of the fender bruised his back. Mr. Harris was delirious for several days from the effects of the fall.

MR. WALTER V. BAINBRIDGE, son of a wealthy family, of Newcastle-on-Tyne County, Northumberland, England, is in the city, the guest of Mr. C. Alexander, Jr. Mr. Bainbridge is touring the United States, and visits Kentucky to get practical knowledge of farming and stock-raising. He will inspect the Alexander herds in this county.

A LETTER from the manager of the Fast Mail Company states that Mr. W. H. Davis did not break his arm as was supposed last week. The doctor who attended Mr. Davis imposed on him to secure a larger fee, declaring that a fracture existed and setting the arm in a plaster cast. The deception was discovered two days later. Mr. Davis has rejoined the Fast Mail Company. His arm was badly sprained.

THE Franklin county grand jury Saturday indicted over one hundred corporations for failing to file with the Auditor before Oct. 1, 1897, a report of their property, or failing to report to the Secretary of State the names of their principal agent in Kentucky. The Paris Gas Company, the Paris Water Company and the Paris Electric Light Company are among the corporations included in the list. Secretary A. Shire of the Paris Gas Co. holds the State's receipt for 1897 taxes paid in full.

If you want choice cut flowers give your order to WM. M. GOODLOE, Phone 123.

Water May Be Used.

A DISPATCH from Frankfort says: "When the battleship Kentucky is launched at Newport News next month Miss Christine Bradley will work a beautifully embellished silver vessel full of pure water taken from a spring on the farm in Larue county where Abraham Lincoln was born, and where, in his boyhood, the great emancipator was wont to slake his thirst."

CHASE & SANBORN'S high-grade coffees. FEE & SON.

Society of Children of the American Revolution.

TWENTY-TWO children met Saturday at the home of Mrs. Robert C. Talbott for the purpose of organizing a local Society of the Children of the American Revolution. The meeting was called to order at 2 o'clock by the President and the following officers were chosen: Miss Edna Fithian, Recording Secretary; Miss Mary Hearn Lockhart, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Mary Fithian Hutchcraft, Registrar; Miss Sallie Lockhart, Treasurer; Miss Lucile Lovely, May Jameson and Master Robert Talbott, Historians; Masters Chas. Mehagan and Fithian Faries, Standard-bearers. The remaining charter members are: Misses Carrie White Bean, Florence Kelly Lockhart, Amanda Yerkes, Leslie Mannen Turney, Ethel Barnett Thomas, Edna Cecil Talbott, Ethel Allen Talbott, Mary Bedford Lovely, Elizabeth Jameson, Dorothy L. Talbott, Gladys Talbott, Margaret Keith Ford, Marie Dudley Talbott, Josie McConn Alexander; Masters Reuben Hutchcraft, John Woodford Yerkes, Chas. Fithian, Clay Sutherland, John Stuart, Gilby Mehagan, Wm. Talbott and Edward Faries.

The name chosen was the Col. George Mason Society in honor of Col. George Mason, of Virginia, who was the Colonial ancestor of Mrs. Robt. C. Talbott's children.

After the business meeting several historical selections were read, after which the Society adjourned to meet in February.

ROLLED MOP herrings at

FEE & SON'S

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Entertained.

DURING the stay of the Clay Clement Company in Paris Mr. and Mrs. Clement, a most charming couple, were the pleasant guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Davis. They were entertained at a delightful supper Saturday evening. Mrs. Clement was formerly Miss Carrie Thompson, of Harrodsburg. They were much pleased with their visit in Paris.

Miss Nell McEwen, a handsome young lady member of the Clement Company, was entertained by Miss Nannie Wilson, who met her at social functions at Pine Bluff, Ark., before Miss McEwen went on the stage.

Miss Sallie Scoggan Killed.

MISS SALLIE SCOGGAN, of near Louisville, whose mother was Miss Mollie Reimton, of this county—a sister of Geo. R. Redmon, of North Middletown, and Mrs. W. H. Mappia and Mason Redmon, of near Paris.—was killed Saturday by a Louisville Southern train. Miss Scoggan was walking too near the track at Stine's Station, while waiting to board the train for Jefferson to visit Miss Watterson, sister of her fiancé, Mr. Harvey Watterson. Miss Scoggan was killed instantly and Mr. Watterson, who was on the train, was almost wild with grief.

About The Boxers.

ED RUCKER, a Louisville pugilist, has issued a challenge for a match with Lou Heller or Kid Lafeber at Lexington in the Spring before the Navarre Club. Rucker has been in fourteen contests and has never been defeated.

Louis Lafeber, who refereed the Parker-Brooks fight here Thursday night, says: "I'd like to go on with Brutus Clay, the Blue Grass Cyclone. My brother's hands are too sore to box at present, I'll take his place. I'd like to hear from the manager of the Navarre Athletic Club, of Lexington."

For Love of Ben.

BECAUSE she feared that Ben McMurry, of near Hutchison, had forsaken her, Miss Lily Cain, of Lexington, shot herself near the heart and then threw herself into a pond, Saturday afternoon. Before firing the fatal shot Miss Cain put on a sleeping robe and freed her hair, preparing for death. She left a note saying that she died for love of Ben, and requested that his ring be left on her finger. Miss Cain is still alive.

Frank Kenney's New Position.

FRANK P. KENNEY, son of Mr. Jas. Kenney, of near Paris, has accepted a position as Secretary of the Louisville Driving and Fair Association, and will have his office in Room 611, Columbia Building. Mr. Kenney, who has just returned from Montana where he has been assisting Mr. E. A. Tipton, is thoroughly familiar with the horse business and will make a fine secretary.

Maysville Opera House Burns.

A FIRE of mysterious origin at Maysville early Sunday morning destroyed the opera house, Parker & Smoot's livery stable and Gilmore & Co.'s Marble Works. The opera house was valued at \$20,000 and insured for \$9,400. Twenty horses were cremated in the livery stable.

Sweet Peas.

CHOICE mixed sweet peas, 50 cents per pound. WM. M. GOODLOE.

FLEISCHMANN'S compressed yeast, at McDermott & Spears.

OYSTERS, celery, fresh cakes and crackers, new molasses, New York cream cheese. NEWTON MITCHELL.

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—Mrs. Swift Champ has been ill of lagrippe since Thursday.

—Miss Kate Peebles has returned from Washington, C. H., Ohio.

—Mr. H. C. Hutchcraft went to Chicago Saturday on a business trip.

—Mr. Jake Spears spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Frankfort.

—Messrs. Sidney B. Clay and Sidney D. Clay have gone to Perry, Oklahoma.

—Miss Frances Claybrook, of Hutchison, is the guest of Miss Fannie Mann.

—Mrs. B. M. Renick has returned from a visit to relatives at Columbia, Tenn.

—Mr. and Mrs. Green Keller, of Carlisle, were guests at Mr. B. F. Remington's, Sunday.

—Mr. John Moreland, of Marshall, Mo., is a guest at Judge Russell Mann's, on Pleasant street.

—Mr. Frank Kennedy, of Carlisle, was the guest of his brother, Mr. James Kennedy, Sunday.

—Attorney Harmon Stitt and editor Wm. Remington were in Lexington yesterday on business.

—Mrs. J. R. Williams, who has been visiting her father, B. S. Letton, returned yesterday to Midway.

—Mrs. H. M. Taylor of Carlisle, came to Paris Saturday for a visit to her sister, Mrs. Harvey Hibler.

—Miss Edith Alexander spent yesterday in Lexington with Col. and Mrs. Brent Arnold, of Newport.

—Mrs. John D. Harris returned yesterday to Richmond after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. C. M. Clay, Jr.

—Misses Etta and Mamie McClintock will entertain the Violet Whist Club this evening at their home on Higgins avenue.

—Col. Brent Arnold and wife, of Newport, were guests at Mr. George B. Alexander's, on Pleasant street, from Saturday until yesterday.

—Hon. R. L. Kern, of St. Louis, was the guest of his brother, J. E. Kern, in this city last week, while en route home from a business trip to Washington.

—Miss Hallie Matthews, of Louisville, who has been the attractive guest of Miss Carrie Frank, was called home this morning by a telegram from her mother.

—Speaker Beckham, of Nelson, Representative Emmett Orr, of Owen, and Representative McMeolan, of Calloway, were guests of Hon. J. T. Hinton over Sunday. The party attended the Clement performance Saturday night at the Grand.

—Misses Olive Fant and Louie Andrews, of Flemingsburg, and Miss Olivia Buckner, Messrs. Ford Brent, Thos. Henry Clay, Jr., and Warren Bacon, of this city, composed a box party which saw the "New Dominion" Saturday night at the opera house.

—Probably the prettiest and most unique function of the Winter gayeties in Paris was the "Progressive Dinner Party" given Friday night by Miss Carrie Louise Frank in honor of her lovely guest, Miss Hallie Matthews, of Louisville. The places were marked with floral souvenirs and etchings of Gibson girls, the colors harmonizing with the floral decorations of each table. The dainty dinner was in six courses, the gentlemen progressing from small tables to the center table where sat Miss Matthews and Miss Frank. One table was decorated with Marchal Neils and orange ribbons, one with white carnations, maiden hair ferns and ribbons, one with Meunets and pink ribbons, and one with sweet violets and violet ribbons. The center table was decorated with American Beauty roses, and four ropes of smilax hung from a bell-like design above the table. The Neapolitan cream served at the fifth course embraced all the colors of the floral decorations. The twenty guests were in evening dress. The mantels were decorated with roses and palms were clustered in the halls, while large mirrors reflected the lights and pretty faces and costumes of the ladies. A string orchestra played during the dinner, and for the dancing which followed.

—LANGDON'S reception flakes, at McDermott & Spears.

—DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG have in school-children's shoes extra good values for very little money. Try them.

—COMFORTS and blankets at your own prices, at J. T. Hinton's. (tf)

—UNDERWOOD'S broiled mackerel in tomato sauce. McDermott & Spears.

—If you are going to have any papering done get my prices on contract work. Big stock. J. T. HINTON. (tf)

—You be the doctor for a little while and make a critical examination of a bundle of our laundry work and see if you cannot conscientiously recommend the

BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

'PIM-OLAS' at Fee & Son's.

Court Topics.

YESTERDAY in Judge Webb's court Jack Risk and John Rice were each fined \$7.50 for having a hot time in the old town Sunday night.

Maggie Johnson paid \$5 for using unchaste language, and Sam Johnson was mulcted \$5 for a breach of the peace.

Mose Davis, an eighty year old terror, of Claysville, was held over in \$200 bond on the charge of malicious cutting with intent to kill, for trial by the Circuit Court. Davis quarreled with his wife, who left home and went to her daughter's home. He followed and tried to carve her with a razor. When Officer Elgin arrived to arrest Davis, the latter blew out the lamp and attacked the officer with a club. Elgin shot four times, without effect at Davis, and finally arrested and jailed him.

Sam Combs, of Clintonville, was tried in Judge Parnell's court for assault and battery and malicious destruction of property. He was acquitted of both charges, but was placed under \$200 bond to keep the peace. He is in jail on a bench warrant.

Mary Reed, a colored witness in Judge Parnell's court, attempted to take a handkerchief from her pocket, and her razor pulled out and fell on the floor. She was arrested for carrying concealed weapons, reprimanded and discharged.

GOOSE-LIVER sausage, 50 cents pound, FEE & SON.

A Trip For Next Summer.

THE annual meeting of the National Educational Association will be held at Washington City, beginning July 6.

Prof. E. W. Weaver, of the Paris High School, is a director in the Association, there being but one director from each State. The meetings are always largely attended by teachers and pupils and their parents from all over the Union, and special rates have been granted by the railroads. This will be a splendid opportunity for the High School pupils to take a trip to the Capital City, at a small expense, as a good hotel has extended a dollar-a-day rate to the excursionists. The excursion will start from Cincinnati and go to Washington over the B. & O. S. W. road. The C. & O. also offers the same reduced rate. The round-trip fare from Paris will be sixteen dollars. Coming during the Summer holidays, the trip will not interfere with the usual school term.

BEST high-grade Patent Flour, \$5.00 barrel, cash. FEE & SON.

February Revenue Assignments.

THE following partial list of Collector Roberts' assignments for February concern local men and distilleries: Storekeepers—E. B. Hedges, O. B. Heady, E. E. Price, Wm. Warren Paris Distilling Co.; R. M. Ferguson, G. G. White Co.; P. Nippert, E. H. Taylor & Son, Frankfort; M. P. Kenney, Bourbon Distilling Co.; O. P. Carter, Jr., S. J. G. Greenbaum, Midway. Storekeeper and ganger—J. M. Russell, Peacock Distilling Co. Gaugers—J. R. McChesney, Bourbon Distilling Co.; G. J. Eastin, Paris Distilling Co.; J. T. Berry, G. G. White Co.

VOGEL's sugar-cured hams 10c. per pound. FEE & SON.

Adulterated Flour.

IT is now generally acknowledged that many unscrupulous millers mix corn flour, corn starch, and the refuse of sugar refineries with their flour in order to enhance their profits. Some of these ingredients are positively injurious as food, and contain no nutritive properties whatsoever. We do not wish as yet to mention names, but it has been proved by competent analysis that more than one mill selling flour in Paris has been detected in selling blended flour. We unhesitatingly guarantee that every sack of flour, of whatever grade, that goes from our mill is pure wheat product. Our mill is open to inspection at any time and we have no machinery for making blended flour as many mills have.

If you want to be sure that you are buying good, pure, wholesome flour, buy that made by us which is sold by all leading grocers.

PARIS MILLING CO.

Insure in the Northwestern to day to-morrow may be too late. THE Northwestern's dividends to policy-holders are unequalled, and to procure Northwestern dividends you must carry Northwestern insurance. If Engagements of Auctioneer A. T. Forsyth.

Feb. 1—J. T. Pritchard, farm, stock and furniture.

Feb. 7—Master Commissioner, land sales, etc.

Feb. 16—C. M. Thomas, admr of Geo. Thomas, land, stock, crop, etc.

BUY your carpets now. J. T. Hinton has best and cheapest line. (tf)

STOLEN.

From our stable, Paris, Ky., January 22d, 1898, two sets of single buggy harness. We will pay a reward of \$30 for recovery of goods and capture of thief.

TURNER & CLARK.

YOUR SHOES

Shoed be entirely weather proof at this season. It is false economy to wear shoes that do not keep your feet dry and comfortable—you can't afford it. We have just arranged a special-value sale of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, and also Men's and Boy's Shoes—at low-down prices. Our January invoice revealed that we have too many shoes and this fact will prove greatly to your advantage—if you will call immediately.

Davis, Thomson & Isgrig.

Special Sale of Something New

ON THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 28 AND 29,

We make a SPECIAL SALE of

NEW EMBROIDERIES, INDIA LINENS, NAINSOOKS, TABLE LINENS and Napkins.

These goods are not odds and ends, but new, fresh goods. Our embroideries we imported ourselves for this Spring's trade, direct from St. Gall and Herisaw, Switzerland, at a price 25 to 40 per cent. below New York Importers.

We can, and will, show you some rare bargains in this sale. A sale of this kind has never been made before in Paris, where an entire new importation has been thrown on the market at such low prices as these goods will be offered.

No old stock, everything new and fresh. Ladies are invited to call and see these goods whether they buy or not.

G. TUCKER.

CONDON'S SURPRISE SPECIAL SALE!

To close out all Winter goods during the next 30 days we will sell everything in stock at prices less than cost.

Dress Goods, formerly 75c and \$1.00 per yard, at 39c embracing fancy weaves, broadcloths, novelties and whipcord diagonal serges. Table linens and napkins, large variety, at cost. All our underwear at much less than cost. Penangs and percales, formerly 83c, to close, 4c per yard. See our hosiery at 10c and 15c per pair, worth 25c. Notions of every description less than cost. 10-4 New York mills sheeting, worth 30c, for 18c. Splendid bleached and unbleached cotton, 5c per yard.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF

IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS

FOR FALL AND WINTER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky, where quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a call.

F. P. LOWRY & CO.,

FINE MERCHANT TAILORS.

S. E. TIPTON, Jailer

THE

Our \$20.00 and \$25.00 OVERCOATS.

Elegantly trimmed, and made by first-class tailors, and you will never pay \$30.00 or \$35.00 again.

We make pants for \$5.00 that are good, and the best for \$8.00. These would cost you \$7.00 and \$12.00 anywhere else.

Cleaning and Pressing a Specialty.

LAVIN & HUKILL.



UP TO OUR EARS IN WORK,

for which we are thankful, is our condition just now; but we still want more, and still strive to give the same eminent satisfaction that we always have in turning out your linen in irreproachable style.

The Bourbon Steam Laundry,

W. M. HINTON, JR., & BRO., Proprietors.

Telephone No. 4.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owners
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

"WALKIN' HOME WITH MARY."

The moon was silver clear that night,
The snow was pure and sparkling;
And trees and bushes 'gainst the white
Was blots of shadow, dark'nin'.
Each fence rail had a jeweled load,
Each twig was gemmed and glary,
And I, along the pasture road,
Was walkin' home with Mary.

So still, a dog, two mile away,
Could reach us with his howlin'.
The tumbler breakers in the bay
Was plain as thunder's growlin'.
My clumsy boot-heels' crunch and squeak,
Beside her step so airy,
Seemed sayin': "Now's your time to speak;
You're walkin' home with Mary."

The far-off breakers lent their help
By boom-in: "Now, young feller!"
And all that dog shot off to yelp
Was: "Tell her! Tell her! Tell her!"
And every cracklin' bit of ice
Seemed like a kind of fairy,
A-givin' me the same advice,
When walkin' home with Mary.

And so, I swallowed down my heart—
"Twain't greatly to my credit,
With all the air to take my part—
But, anyhow I said it.
And then that dog shot off his bark;
There weren't a breaker, nary;
The hull wide world stood still to hark
And hear the word from Mary.

She answered, and the breakers fell
And roared congratulation;
That blessed dog let out a yell
That must a-wake the nation.

"Twas thirty year or more ago,
Yet still it makes me scary
To think, what if I'd heard a "No,"
When walkin' home with Mary."
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE PLUNGE OF
THE ARCTURUS.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

CHARLES sat at the round table, under the hanging lamp, reading the evening paper aloud. The family were listening in the half-indifferent way in which all—even the most sympathetic—are obliged to regard the daily news, which is largely made up of others' woes, of whom we have no personal knowledge.

"For variety, here is a railroad collision," said the reader, after going through a long list of coasting accidents, and he proceeded to read an item, which ended with "John Swift, the engineer of the special, reversed his engine, whistled for brakes, and saying to his fireman: 'Look out for yourself, David!' jumped from the locomotive; but his feet caught in the fireman's shovel—which had been dropped in the excitement—and the poor fellow, who was one of the oldest and best engineers on the road, was thrown beneath the slowing wheels and quickly mangled to death. Had he remained upon the engine, he would have come out unhurt."

"When did it happen?" quickly spoke up Horace Mason, a near neighbor, who had dropped in—as he often did—for an hour in the evening.

He sat in an easy chair, balancing a stout crutch—which stood him in stead of his right leg—across the arm, and now, without waiting for an answer to his question, went on, with a deep sigh:

"Poor John Swift! So he has gone in that way at last. He has always been called reckless, but luck has been with him until now; while I, who was always far more cautious, have been frequently in trouble, and after having been jammed, bruised and pinched, until it came to be said on the road that I had as many lives as a cat, I have lost a leg and come off barely with my life."

"John Swift and I began firing on the Nonettec River road, on the very same breezy March day, 25 years ago. He was promoted to be an engineer long before I was, but I was not jealous of his good luck, and I will tell you how it happened."

"When we had each been throwing wood about two years, there was a fearful freshet on the Nonettec river, after which our road was named, and with which it ran parallel for 40 miles or more."

"It was a good road, well managed by conscientious officers, who treated their employes as if they were men and brothers, and kept their stock away up above par, by making their road as nearly perfect in every way as a railroad can be made."

"The Nonettec river fairly outdid itself in the way of a freshet that year. There was a tremendous amount of snow at the north, and when, after a long rain, the ice broke up and went out, it made a block at the Narrows, above the Oxbow falls, and in two hours' time the water had spread out over the great meadow on one side, and had submerged ten rods of our track on the other, midway between Nosuch and North Nosuch stations, taking everybody by surprise, for the oldest inhabitants even had never before known the placid, steady Nonettec to attempt going beyond its prescribed bonds."

"Late that afternoon the freight that I was firing was standing on a siding at North Nosuch station, waiting for the express to pass us, upon whose locomotive—the Arcturus—Johnny Swift was fireman."

"There was a high wind, the rain was pouring in torrents, the slush was ankle deep, and as darkness settled down upon us there was promise of the worst kind of a night for railroading—or anything else, for that matter—that could take a person out of doors."

"Just as the express came whistling into the North Nosuch station, little old Jimmie Hughes, a droll Irishman, who lived in a small shanty in the center of as good a 'pertate-patch' as there was on the river road, came hurrying and wheezing into the passenger station."

"Every hand on the road knew Jimmy,

and made a point of swinging their hats at him and his 'owld woman,' in her stiff, white apron and her white double-ruffled cap, as she stood by him, smiling and knitting, while he hoed away, keeping the weeds out of the potatoes and cabbages."

"There is trouble below!" exclaimed Jimmy—"trouble enough below! An' the track—bad luck to it!—have gone down out of sight into the river. An' the river itself, as it most always does when it gets in such a tantrum, is roarin' an' foam'in', wid its big chunks of ice a-pilin' up! An' all the toime it coomes creepin' on an' creepin' on, till I be-lave in my heart it will coom in an' warm itself by the fire wid the owld woman an' me! An' the telegraph poles—bad cess to 'em!—hiv' laid themselves down straight to rest beside the roadbed; an' it ain't so much to be wondered at, for they hiv' been standin' there summer an' winter, rain an' shine, iver since my owld woman an' me coom to this country."

"The telegraph wires were down somewhere, we knew. The operator had found it out an hour before. The express passenger going north would wait at Nosuch for the outgoing south, until half-past seven, when it would come in—unless telegraphed to remain where it was until further orders. It was seven o'clock now, and as black an evening as ever bring over a roadbed thick with danger. The men had to decide for themselves what to do, and they had to be quick about it. The two conductors, the two engineers, and the station agent held a bit of a council."

"We had better leave our trains here and run our engines down to the rise and see how it looks," said Jacob Wilcox, the engineer of the passenger train."

"There were no contrary minds, and soon Wilcox's engine—the Arcturus—and our engine—Little Giant—were coupled together and run cautiously down the two miles to the submerged bit of track."

"Mither Hughes—hiven bless her!—hears us comin' screamin' along," said Jimmy. "An' there she be, swingin' her lantern that looks no bigger from here than a star, as faithful as your very own mithers to look after you, b'ys; an' she loves iver wan of yez, for the smoles yez hiv' gi'n to a friendless owld couple, far away from country an' kin."

"Sure enough, there was the little old woman, with a blanket over her shoulders, and the broad, white-cap border hanging limp and dripping about her wrinkled face. Wilcox jumped off his engine, thanked her and Jimmy for their watchfulness and thoughtfulness, and told them to go up the hill to the shanty and get themselves dry and warm, and to keep a bright fire and light, for there was no telling what call might be made upon them before morning. The headlights of the two locomotives gleamed across the black rising water, and showed the white sand of the roadbed beyond."

"Running through there will be risky business," said Engineer Wilcox, "but I am going to try it. There is no other way. Better one man killed than a score or more, and in 20 minutes that express will be along here, full drive! Jump off, Johnny! We need not both of us risk our lives."

"Let me go, Wilcox," spoke up John Swift, quickly. "You have a family, and I know of no one who would shed a tear if I should go under. You know I can run the Arcturus the three miles from here to Nosuch well enough. But I shall come out all straight. It is the 25th of the third month. Come, now, get right off!"

"Jacob Wilcox thought of his wife and little ones at home, and as the stout, plucky young fireman took him by the shoulders he said, gravely:

"I'm not in the least afraid to trust you, Johnny, and swung himself down off the footboard."

"Run back there, Luther!" shouted the intrepid young fireman to my engineer. "I've got a full head of steam on, and I want a good start."

"Backing up the road a few rods, he stopped the Arcturus, waved his cap back at us, and, pulling open the throttle, the engine—which was the fastest on the road—dashed down the track, plunged into the black water, and, while every man of us held his breath, it emerged on the other side and then rushed on into the night around the 'Rock curve' and out of our sight."

"It was a risky piece of business," repeated Wilcox, as he came on board of our engine. "The track has settled in the middle, and if the old machine had not been going fast I believe it would have tipped over."

"We steamed back to the station, ran our locomotive into the roundhouse and went into the waiting-room in the passenger depot to dry our wet clothing, to refresh ourselves with hot coffee at the restaurant and to await further developments."

"In about an hour Jimmy came wheezing in again, weather-beaten and dripping."

"Sure," he said, "an' it be bad luck now, an' nothin' else! Yez had been gone not very long at all, at all, an' me owld woman an' me we heard an engine scream, an' we looked out, an' what do ye think? We seen the Arcturus coom in 'back ag'in' wid her headlight gleamin' like a great red eye. She wint yers slowly down into the water, an' slipped along, along, until she coom to jest about the middle, an' then, b'ys—as sure as I'm a wild Irishman—she tipped clane over, an' her eye was put out, an' there was a great hiss'n as the water reached her fire. An' that be all—only the brave b'y, wid his light heart an' his smilin' face, he be gone intirely!"

"Our engine was got out again, and once more we ran down to the rise to carry old Jimmy home."

"Again our headlight gleamed over the aggressive water, showing the huge engine lying dark and helpless upon its side, with the river rising all about it."

"We could do nothing until daylight, so we went sally back to the dismal

waiting-room, where the old veterans kept themselves and their companions awake by smoking. I know not how many pipes of tobacco and telling of other nights of which this fearful one put them in mind."

"About midnight Engineer Wilcox went out to take a look at the weather. He soon came back shivering and saying:

"A fellow needs to have his life insured before venturing very far. The wind has switched around to the north, it is freezing fast, the platform is like glass and it is snowing like creation!"

"Just then there was a queer rattling outside, and, going back, Wilcox turned the knob of the door and the fierce wind burst it wide open."

"There was not a man in the crowd who was not startled at the sight that met his gaze. I, for my own part, do not hesitate to say that, at the first glance, I thought it was the spirit of poor Johnny Swift; but it did not take us long to learn that it was the daring fellow himself."

"His overalls and thick dreadnaught jacket were frozen until they were like sheet-iron garments, weighing him down. He was completely covered with the feathery snow, and his face looked pinched and bloodless."

"So nearly perishing with cold was he that he could not speak, and giving one look at us, he lifted his hands up toward the glowing stove, and then just sank down senseless upon the platform."

"We all took him in hand and put him through a vigorous course of treatment. I assure you."

"We rubbed him vigorously, wrapped him in hot blankets, fed him with nourishing broths, and, in an hour or two, he was able to tell his story."

"He ran into Nosuch all right, and just in time to intercept the oncoming express, which had six heavily loaded passenger coaches."

"The assistant superintendent of the road—who knew much more about bookkeeping than he did about engineering—happened to be on board, and at once assumed the authority."

"He listened to Johnny's statement that the track was settled, and that in one place the engine tipped and barely passed safely over."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed the young official; "that was your imagination, of course. You must go right back to North Nosuch immediately. We shall have to carry by to-morrow, and that engine will be needed at that end of the road. In half an hour's time it may be impossible to go."

"That was quite true, but Johnny said again:

"I do not believe it is possible to go now; and they understand the situation on that side, so there is no danger impending to life or property."

"If you are afraid to go, I will send Frank," declared this man, dressed in a brief authority."

"Frank has a family, and I have not," replied John Swift, stepping up upon the turn-table, and in ten minutes was on his way back."

"He went slowly into the water now, as that course gave him the hope of saving himself if the engine went down. He was not half way across when he felt the engine tipping, and pulling the whistle valve wide open, he jumped far out into the dark, cold water."

"The wind, the escaping steam and the agitation of the water as the great engine fell upon its side, confused him so much that when he reached the bank he knew not which way to turn to find Jimmy's shanty, and seeing in the distance the lights in the little cluster of houses about the station, he made the best of his way toward them; but his frozen, heavy clothes made it hard traveling, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he reached them at last. He would have given out when within a few rods, had he not been encouraged by the lights streaming out of the waiting-room door when Wilcox opened it to go in."

"But I thought I should come out all right, because it is the 25th of March," added Johnny."

"How is that?" asked Wilcox."

"And the brave young fellow replied, in a half-shamefaced way:

"Oh, I had my horoscope read once, when a child, and was told that, although I should be often in great peril, nothing bad would happen to me on an odd day of an odd month, so, of course, a fellow can't help thinking of it."

"Johnny, as soon as he was able to be out, was given the position of engineer on a construction train, which was used in changing the roadbed above high-water mark, and as soon as the Arcturus was out of the shop, he was promoted to be her engineer."

"He was killed the 12th of February," said Charlie, looking again at the paper, which he still held in his hand."

"There may be nothing in it, and again there may be," said our caller, as he pegged away on his crutch; "but you will find most railroad men just a little apt to think of those things, they have so many dangerous experiences and narrow escapes."—Golden Days.

Another Green.

"It is true that a poet finds inspiration on every hand," said young Quatrain, to his admiring wife. "The simplest things serve his purpose; the most commonplace, trivial matters he can turn to sweet and tuneful verse. Now, for instance—" Here Quatrain, junior, aged five, created a diversion by stubbing his toe and precipitating himself and a tumbler brimful of cold water into the old armchair, newly covered with denim of a cool green shade. Then while Mrs. Quatrain hurried for a cloth and sopped up the results of her son's collision with the furniture the poet betook himself to pen and paper. In the "Poet's Corner" of the Flatville News there appeared the next week a poem entitled "O Summer Morn." The first lines of this tender yet spirited composition were as follows:

On the green the clear drops sparkled,
Strewn by Nature's lavish hand.
—Youth's Companion.

PAWNBROKERAGE.

One of the Tricks Used to Fool the "Suckers."

The Boston lawyers have many interesting cases in which pawnbrokerage plays an important part. The following incident, told by a lawyer, illustrates a trick that is practiced frequently:

"It must not be taken as an axiom that the pawnbroker himself is a stranger to guile and to ways that are dark. There are many instances of dishonesty. Whoever reads the Sunday journals will see numerous announcements like this: 'Diamond necklace; cost, \$1,500; circumstances compelled me to pawn it at \$500; ticket sacrificed. Address —, New York.' If you address accordingly, and if the advertiser considers you a fit subject for an artful game, he will wait on you with a tale of woe and the ticket. The price of the ticket should be \$250, for the brilliants are most valuable; but the final price will be partly left to you; only please examine the gems at once, because the owner is in desperate straits."

You examine the pledge at the pawnbroker's, paying 50 cents for the privilege. The diamonds are certainly diamonds (although of a shape and quality known to the trade as rose diamonds), and, rather than spend five or ten dollars to compensate an expert for going for you to examine them, you conclude to advance ten per cent, upon the ticket and make it your own."

"The holder refuses at first, but finally yields, and departs with \$50 of your wealth, and leaves you the owner of the property, subject to the pawnbroker's lien thereon. You then redeem them, which costs you \$550 more, and, on taking your prize to a dealer in diamonds you learn that the entire piece of jewelry is really worth, and would be salable at, the sum of \$250."

"Did the skillful and well-informed pawnbroker then really lend \$500 on a collection of stones worth only \$250? Not at all. He probably advanced \$150, possibly \$200, and made out a ticket for \$500, agreeing with the borrower to divide the profits on the redemption of the ticket by a third person. But you could not hope to prove this, either from the books or from the admissions of the parties. The person with whom you dealt belongs to a fugitive class of citizens; he at once disappears. The pawnbroker exhibits entries to correspond with the tickets."—Boston Post.

ROCK THROWERS.

Of the Tennessee River Bottoms—Marvellous Feats of Skill.

There is nothing about Tennessee river longshoremen to startle any city-raised man, but turn one of them loose in his native wilds and give him a handful of smooth pebbles or rounded bowlders, and he'll astonish you."

Folks who have sojourned in the Tennessee river bottoms up above Paducah tell wondrous tales of the rock throwers, but the natives themselves look on these strange accomplishments as a matter of course."

The last issue of the Big Sandy (Tenn.) Visitor says in a very matter-of-fact, offhand sort of way:

"W. H. Pierce killed a large hawk with a rock one day last week while sitting on top of one of the tallest gum trees in Big Sandy bottom."

Thus the Big Sandy visitor, being familiar with such performances, dismisses what in any other part of the world would be a wonderful feat. Yet W. H. Pierce is but one among many."

It is told as a matter-of-fact that the sturdy young fellows often go hunting with no other weapon than a pocketful of "good throwing rocks." All is game that comes within eye's reach of these youthful Nimrods. Rabbits they bowl over with ease as bunny sits in his bed or hops lithely along in the frosty cover. Squirrels, killed by a flying lump of gravel, tumble from the forks of the tallest trees, and wild turkeys occasionally meet a similar fate. Even wild ducks are slain by the rock-throwers."

Beginning this rock practice in childhood the average boy of the Tennessee river bottoms has an arm like steel, an eye like an eagle and an aim like a trained sharp-shooter when he reaches the long pants and chewing tobacco stage. It is said that some of the rock throwers can hit a bull's eye with a bowlder two out of three times at a distance of 60 feet.—Paducah (Ky.) Visitor.

School Funds in Colonial Days.

The logs for the great fireplace, furnished by the parents of the scholars, were a part of the school expenses; and in many a school when a parent was tardy in the delivery of his winter's load of wood the child suffered by banishment to the farthest and coldest corner of the schoolroom. The teacher's pay was in any of the inconvenient and uncertain exchanges of the day: wampum, beaver skins, Indian corn, wheat, peas, beans or any country product known as truck. Whale oil and fish were paid to the teachers on Cape Cod. It is told of a Salem school that one scholar was always placed in the window to study and also to hail occasional passers-by and endeavor to sell them the accumulation of vegetables, etc., which had been paid to the teacher.—Alice Morse Earle, in Chautauquan.

Brothers in the Legislature.

A modern instance has come to light where two brothers sat in the same legislature in Wisconsin. In the winter of 1891, Assemblyman Louis Rossman, of Price county, represented the extensive district including Ashland, Price, Oneida, Forest and Florence counties. His brother, Assemblyman Philip Rossman, represented Clark county. Both were republicans. Apparently there have been a number of instances in which the brothers have sat side by side in the same legislature. It seems to be true, nevertheless, that Paul and Narcisse M. Juneau, in the legislature of 1858, furnished the only instance in Wisconsin's 50 years of history of brothers native in Milwaukee being elected to the same legislature.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

H'S IN SHORTHAND.

Many Trials of an Englishman with His Stenographer.

An Englishman who drops his h's and aspirates his z's and a stenographer and typewriter who spells phonetically from dictation make a combination from which trouble is sure to result unless the "copy" is carefully revised. The manager of one of the most important manufacturing plants in Cleveland is an Englishman. Not long ago he employed a young man to act as his stenographer, and one of the first things that the latter was called upon to do was the "taking down" of a letter to the manager's wife, who was away at a summer resort. Being a busy man the manager didn't take the trouble to look at the letter after it had been typewritten, but when his wife answered it there was a hot time for the stenographer. "My dear Henry," she wrote, "what on earth do you mean by calling me 'Hannah' and our little Horace 'Orris'?" I will admit that this sounds like you, but why do you make a joke of it before your employes?"

Of course the fond husband and father didn't know what it all meant, and so he wrote for an explanation, when his first letter was sent back to him."

One glance at it and he rushed over to his stenographer, excitedly threw the sheet down before him and demanded: "There, what do you mean, sir, by writing my wife's name down 'Annah'?"

"Annah?" replied the young man; "let me see. No, I've got it Hannah, all right."

"But," said the manager, who was furious, "it's not 'Annah,' it's 'Hanna!'"

"Well, there it is, Hannah—H-a-n-n-a-h."

"Anna be dashed!" exclaimed the manager. "A-n-n-a. Hanna! Can't you understand English, you blanked fool?"

By this time the stenographer began to see through the trouble, so he begged off upon the plea that having had a swelling in one of his ears he had not been able to hear very well. But it cost him nearly a week's salary to square things with the other boys in the office, and he always deems it best to hide when he hears the manager's wife in the hall.—Cleveland Leader.

CATCHING THE TRAIN.

One Case in Which There Was Some Confusion.

Mrs. Entertainer had a guest that was to take the nine o'clock train. So mine hostess called up the only 'bus in the village, whose function it was to carry mail, express and small freight."

"Will you call at my house for the morning train?" she asked.

The proprietor said he would. Thereupon he forgot all about it, and his wife sent him after meat for dinner. Just as he was going out of the meat market with the pound and a half of pork, his man came rattling down the street with the bus, mail, etc. Then it struck the mind of the forgetful proprietor that he had neglected to tell his driver to go after Mrs. Entertainer's guest. He rushed into the street, hastily explained that the driver must take the mail to the train a-shoulder, while he turned the 'bus about and went back after the waiting passenger."

There was a great rumble and scattering of dust up the street that made the single feminine passenger inside the coach catch hold of the seat and scowl in reproach that was utterly lost upon the reckless driver without. With a graceful, but not altogether safe turn, he pulled up at Mrs. Entertainer's, jumped hastily to the ground, and ran to the door. His hasty knock brought Mrs. Entertainer to the door instantly."

"Where is the passenger?" demanded the 'bus man, with some excitement."

"Where is she?" repeated Mrs. Entertainer, with surprise. "Why, your man got her 15 minutes ago. There she is now, out in the 'bus."

"Out in the 'bus? Well, I'd like to know how she got there?"

And the nonplussed proprietor began to wonder if he had lost his mind."

"We got worried, you know," explained Mrs. Entertainer, "because the 'bus did not come, and called you up again. The man came at once and got my friend. I guess she's getting worried for fear you'll miss the train. You'd better go."

He went. He is now figuring on some check system that will prevent the duplication of orders for passengers.—Detroit Free Press.

Latest Kinks in Dress Garniture.

The very newest trimming, and the one that will lead another season, is the narrow fringe which carries our mothers' back to the days when our grandmother's best gown had rows of fringe as the fashionable trimming. The truly fashionable woman this season looks, indeed, a veritable princess, decked out in real and imitation jewels for which fashion has found so many uses. They sparkle at every movement, from the crown of her head to the toe of her pointed slipper, and appear at the most unlooked-for places in her garments. It is, indeed, preeminently a season of jeweled effects in fashionable costumes. Light-colored velvet gowns are trimmed with fine cut-steel or silver passementerie, ribbons, chiffon, gimps, jeweled nets and laces, with the addition of bright flowers on the low-cut bodice. Panels of lace and beaded effects are also seen on the skirts of both black and colored velvet gowns.—Woman's Home Companion.

Gray Much in Vogue.

Gray is much worn for evening dress, but usually in soft, clinging materials. The same color in poplin and heavy satin is also much used, but is generally combined with net or chiffon, in the form of ruffles and ruches, to soften the effect. Gray wraps trimmed with black fur, and soft gray millinery with a dash of black placed in a decided manner, are much used for evening functions.—Woman's Home Companion.

HUMOROUS.

"Speaking of the sonnambulist," said the Cheerful Idiot, "he at least is no idle dreamer."—Indianapolis Journal.

"She—'Mr. Footlightedly doesn't look like an actor, does he?' He—'No; and he doesn't act like one, either.'—Tit-Bits.

"Little Clarence—'Pa, is there really honor among thieves?' Mr. Callipers—'No, my son; thieves are just as bad as other people.'—Puck.

"Those new neighbors seem to be great borrowers." "Borrowers? One night when they gave a dinner they borrowed our family album."—Chicago Record.

"There's a burglar in the house!" she gasped. "I have never yet uncovered my head for any man," her husband rejoined, with an affectation of hauteur.—Puck.

"He Wouldn't Do. — Friend—"Wouldn't you like to have me sit here and shoot at the poets when they come in?" Editor—"No. You are too poor a shot."—Harlem Life.

"Had Squared Up.—'Sir, there are certain duties we all owe to our country.' 'I don't.' They soaked me for \$14 on three suits of English clothes, and I paid it, sir; I paid it.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Judge.—'Witness, you are 40 years of age?' Female Witness—"Yes, alas! One gets older every day. And yet I was young once (heaving a sigh). Ah, your lordship would hardly believe how young I was."—Tit-Bits.

"Immediate Assistance.—'Mr. Grumpy,' said the chronic borrower, 'I'm financially embarrassed to-day. Can you help me out?' 'Cheerfully.' Then Grumpy kicked his caller through two offices and a long hallway. — Detroit Free Press.

"Attie Wit.—'I don't think that new prima donna will do,' said the boarder who has the attic room. 'She is too much like the furnace here—at least her voice is.' 'How is that?' asked Mrs. Hashcroft. 'Very weak in the upper register.'—Indianapolis Journal.

A GEOLOGICAL PRISON CELL.

An Instance of Nature Coming to the Assistance of the Law.

"Speaking of caves," remarked the drummer whose territory extends from New York to everywhere, "I suppose you don't know of that down yonder in the cave section of southwestern Kentucky it isn't unusual for the towns which are built over caves to use them as sewers, and there's many a kitchen with its sink leading right down into the depths of the earth. But an even odder use than this to which nature may be put I discovered in the cave country of Virginia."

"The little town of Eldridge, with a population of six or seven hundred, has a large contingent of miners to be handled by the authorities, and when they get ugly they are ugly indeed. Two or three 'coolers' for their accommodation when drunk and disorderly had been burned or torn down by them, and the town marshal was hard put to know what to do. At last the editor of the local paper suggested that the cave in the mountain not 300 yards from the city hall would be just the thing for a calaboose, and the marshal proceeded to investigate. He found that the way when in use to get into it was down a ladder 30 feet through an entrance six or eight feet in diameter, and that when once in the cave the air was dry and good; there was a stream of fine water, and that, though it was dark, the electric light could be introduced easily from the town plant."

"That was his report, and without saying anything much to anybody beds and boards and a few other pieces of necessary furniture were taken down, and on Saturday night when the boys began to whoop it up and were taken in they were carefully let down into the cave by a rope on a portable windlass that had been rigged over the mouth, and silence prevailed on the face of the earth. The lights were turned on and it was bright and cheerful; the boys had all the room they wanted; they could do as they pleased (there came), and the loudest noise they could make couldn't possibly be heard on earth. That plan worked with eminent success until one night there was a fight and a man was hurt, and then the authorities fixed up some cages, or pens, and an officer went down first to receive the visitors and care for them on their arrival. It has been working that way ever since and is undoubtedly the safest prison in the whole country and is the cheapest and most enduring."—Washington Star.

From a Smoky Town.

"That young college friend who is visiting you is the most peculiar person I ever met," remarked a young lady to an intimate gentleman acquaintance. "Anything strange in his conduct?" she was asked. "I should say there was. Why, last evening he just raved

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

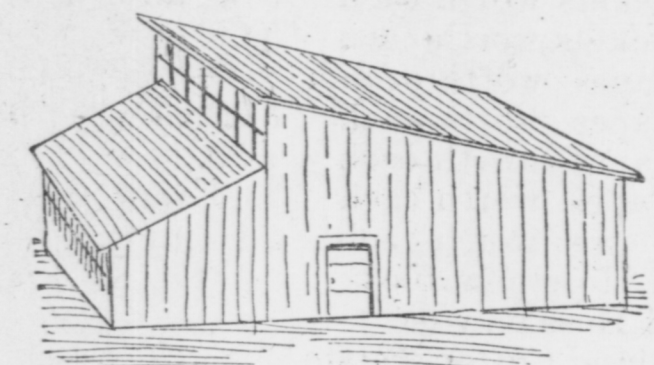
SANITARY PIGGERY.

Arranged to Provide Plenty of Sunshine for the Inside.

It is a noticeable fact that disease of all kinds, and cholera in particular, is most prevalent where the greatest number of hogs are kept. The massing of those animals together and crowding them with so carbonaceous food as corn is an invitation to disease to come and reap a rich harvest; and unless timely preparations are taken to thwart it, it is a harvest which is very liable to be gathered, and that successfully, too.

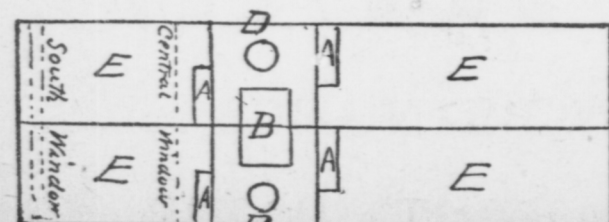
This is especially true where the piggery and its surroundings have become unsanitary. In such a case disease germs multiply fast, for disease loves dark and dampness, which soon tend to enfeeble the strongest and healthiest hog and pave the way to the most dire results.

Now, as sunlight is one of the best germicides known, this, together with



MODEL PIGGERY.

dry quarters, is absolutely necessary to the continued health of any hog. Indeed, all animals should have the sunshine to bask in, and most emphatically does this hold true as regards young animals. Accordingly, when it comes to the housing of the hogs for winter it is imperative that the piggery be so arranged as to provide the requisite amount of sunshine inside. When building a large piggery, however, the problem is how to get the sun's rays to stream in at the south side, but although it reaches the floor near the south side, it will not reach far back. What then, is to be done? Why, use a little headwork and build in accordance with the following designs, the first of which is the perspective view. You will thus have the north side of the piggery made as warm and sunny, and often far more so, than the south side. For, to obtain the desired results, the house should extend east and west, no matter what its size is, which should depend upon the magnitude of the herd that it is to accommodate, and nothing else.



INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT.

It will be observed that the "peak" of the roof is south of the center of the building, both sides of the roof being of the same pitch. This causes the roof of the north side to run higher than that of the south side in the place where the roofs meet, and so enables one to put in glass below the one roof and above the other, through which the sun will stream to the north side of the house and, killing disease germs by the million, tone up the system of the pigs and shotes and so make them thrifty and healthful, like those in the south part of the building.

Where the door opens, an alley should run through the center of the building, as shown in the second plan. Thus constructed, the central window is just over the south side of the alley, in consequence of which the sun will shine over the alley and into the pens north of it, the opposite pens being lighted sufficiently by the south window. From the alley between the feed troughs, doors, each two feet wide, should open from the pens into the alley. These have been omitted by our engraver. Gates working with a lever should also be suspended above the troughs, to shut the hogs away while putting in the feed. E, E, E, are the pens for the pigs, with a trough (A) in each. B is a bin for dry feed, in the middle of the alley, with a slop barrel (not lettered) on each side. D D are doors opening from either end of the alley.

If all these details are looked to and the location of the piggery is high and dry, the pens being made reasonably warm, so that close huddling of the swine is not necessary in order for them to be comfortable, albeit there is good ventilation, one will find such a building of great value, not only as a winter house, but also as a place in which to raise early pigs in spring.

Such are some of the benefits, indirectly speaking, that are to be derived from the sun, the active rays of which are one of nature's most powerful aids to good health. In what way, do you ask? Why, simply for the reason that they kill disease germs, promote circulation and digestion and, best of all, have a buoyant effect upon the spirits of both man and beast. We can therefore do nothing better when constructing a habitable building of any kind than to arrange it so that there can enter an abundance of sunlight. This is applicable to dwelling-houses, as well as to farm buildings.—Frederick O. Sibley, in N. Y. Tribune.

HELPFUL FARM NOTES.

Do not put all out doors into wheat because of the promise of the wheat market.

The future farmer must be educated. If our boys cannot attend the agricultural college, a systematic course of agricultural reading is possible during the winter evenings, and the time could not be better employed.

When grasses are grown and then pastured or fed to stock during the winter, and the manure carefully saved and returned to the soil, the loss in fertility is practically nothing and (this is the ideal manner of keeping up the farm.

PURCHASING BEES.

Some Really Valuable Hints for Novices in Agriculture.

This is one of the puzzles to the beginner, when to buy. All things considered, I think the spring the best time. In the hands of the master it might pay to buy in the fall, as they can be bought much cheaper then. But a novice would not know whether they were in proper condition to winter successfully or not, or what to do in case they were not, or how to prepare them in case they needed special attention preparatory to going into winter quarters. But by purchasing in the spring, even though they cost a dollar per colony more, there is no risk to run, for with a reasonable season they will pay for themselves and there will be something left.

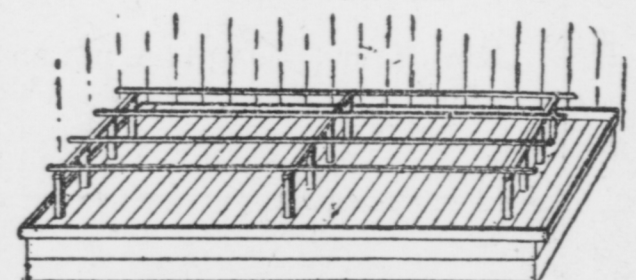
I would advise buying as near home as possible, to save express charges, as it is very difficult to ship small lots of bees by local freight. If you feel timid about handling them I should advise buying pure Italians, as they are more quiet than the blacks or hybrids; but if you are not, I would not pay larger prices for any particular strain you may see advertised in the bee journals. The honey gathered by the blacks and hybrids is just as sweet, and the quantity just as great as that gathered by the high-toned or high-priced races, and no bee on earth builds such delicate combs, or caps its honey with such virgin whiteness as the poor, despised black bee.

I would advise, if possible, to buy full strong colonies, and wherever you may live I should advise having them moved or shipped about the time apple trees blossom. Make your purchase as early as possible, but don't be in a hurry to have them moved; they are much better where they are until settled warm weather has come to stay, and the blossoms are producing nectar. Perhaps some of you don't feel able to buy strong colonies; if not you can buy two three or four frame nuclei for less money, and at less cost of transportation. These you can build up during the season, and make good colonies of them by fall, but you could not reasonably expect much increase in number, or much surplus honey, while on the other hand, with strong colonies you can double your spring count, and with a good season and good management get enough surplus honey to pay for the colonies you buy in the spring. I advise beginners to make haste slowly, and make the bees pay their way every season; then should you meet with winter losses you will be nothing out but your time, and will have your experience, hives and combs left to begin with another spring, all of which you will find valuable.—Rural World.

ROOSTING QUARTERS.

Construct Them so That They Can Be Cleaned Easily.

There are many ways of constructing and placing roosts. The aim should be to make them comfortable for the fowls and convenient for the attendant in handling and cleaning. Place all roosts back from the windows out of the way of drafts. They should be low and of a uniform height. Bruising of feet is frequently caused by fowls jumping down from a high perch. If arranged one above another, the fowls will jump from the lowest perch to the next, and the strongest fowls will crowd down the weaker ones. The high-



PROPERLY ARRANGED ROOSTS.

est perch will be uncomfortably crowded, while a portion of the lower ones is unoccupied. The fear of danger will prompt fowls to seek the highest roosting place. If the roosts are level, no injury from getting down and off will occur, and the fowls will not crowd one another. The arrangement shown herewith is a convenient one. Make a tight platform 1½ feet from the floor to catch droppings. Around the edge nail a strip one by three to keep droppings from scattering and going on and off. A platform arranged in this way is conducive to cleanliness, as the fowls will not step in the manure and track it over the floor. Place the roosts a foot above the platform and rest them firmly in a slot or mortise. Make them of two by three scantling, rounded on the upper side, planed perfectly smooth so that the fowls will not be likely to get splinters in their feet. Smooth roosts are easily cleaned and do not harbor lice. The perches should be far enough apart to prevent soiling of plumage; 14 or 15 inches is about the right distance. Allow one foot on the roost for each fowl of the large breeds and less for the small breeds.—Farm and Home.

The Size of a Colony.

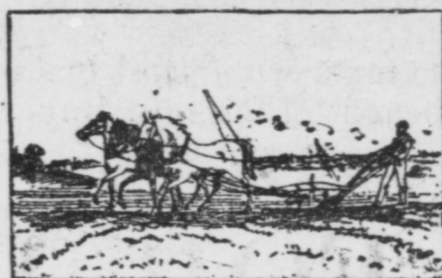
A few hundred bees and a queen may be called a small colony, but I believe an average colony contains perhaps 30,000 or 35,000 bees, and during the honey season when they are at their greatest strength, they may have double the above number, and when at their lowest number, which is in late winter, they may run down to 10,000, or much less. To get at any correct estimate of this is rather difficult, and many give the average of a fair working colony at 20,000 or 25,000, while some think it possible for a colony to reach 75,000.—American Epitomist.

Value of Grass and Hay.

From recent experiments it appears that a meadow will yield about four times as much feed in bulk if made into hay as it will if pastured. But, as it is well known that the young, tender grass of the often cropped pasture is more nutritious than the older and tougher hay, it was found by a careful test that the advantage in nutrients digestibility and freedom from cost of harvesting, housing and feeding of pastured fields, will nearly balance the greater yield of hay fields, except on very high priced.

CANADIAN CREAMERIES.

How They Are Operated and Made to Pay the Farmer.



A correspondent of a Boston City, Michigan, paper writes as follows: "A industry which is proving very advantageous to the settlers of North Alberta, Canada, and is truly a boon to the farmers, is the establishment of creameries by the Government at regular intervals apart. The Government furnishes the entire plant, puts it in and operates it without direct cost to the farmer. From the sale of the butter the Government retains 5 cents per pound, the balance going to the farmer. This is continued for three years when the Government turns over the plant and business to the farmers, giving them a clear title of it. Thus these creameries are put in at a minimum cost to the farmer and paid for in a way that he least feels it. When we were there butter was selling at 21 and 22 cents per pound. Cheese factories were being established, too, along the railroad and much of the freight loaded on the cars on our return trip consisted of butter and cheese, as it was in the best season for milk. The produce found a ready market in the mining and lumbering towns and districts beyond the Rockies, through the British Columbia country, where it was, we were told, difficult to supply the demand." The Klondike is another field now open to the Western Canadian farmer for all produce of the farm, and the officials in the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada, are kept busy sending out literature describing this great agricultural country. The agents of the Government throughout the United States are also supplied with literature, which they distribute free.

Adding to the Horror.

Knowall—Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. Flatdewler (shuddering)—And I'll bet he was just learning to play, too.—N. Y. World.

You can't tell anything about the amount of work a man does by the time he puts in talking politics.—Washington Democrat.

Stand straight and strong—St. Jacobs Oil cures lame back—cures promptly.

People who can get no credit usually find a great deal of fault with others who are slow to pay.—Washington Democrat.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 31.	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common	3 00 @ 3 90
Select butchers	4 10 @ 4 50
CALVES—Fair to good light	6 25 @ 7 00
HOGS—Common	3 00 @ 3 60
Mixed packers	3 55 @ 3 75
Light shippers	3 70 @ 3 85
SHEEP—Choice	4 00 @ 4 50
LAMBS—Good to choice	5 25 @ 5 75
FLOUR—No. 2	3 60 @ 3 90
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	96 @ 96½
No. 3 red	93 @ 93½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	29 @ 29½
Oats—No. 2	24 @ 24½
Rye—No. 2	49 @ 49½
HAY—Prime to choice	9 25 @ 9 50
POULTRY—Per lb.	10 @ 11
Lard—Prime steam	4 @ 4 70
BUTTER—Choice dairy	10 @ 11
Prime to choice creamery	3 25 @ 3 50
APPLES—Per bbl.	2 10 @ 2 25
POTATOES—Per bbl.	2 10 @ 2 25
CHICAGO.	
FLOUR—Winter patent	4 80 @ 4 90
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	99 @ 1 02
No. 2 Chicago spring	93 @ 95
CORN—No. 2	27 @ 27½
OATS—No. 2	23½ @ 24
PORK—New Mess.	9 85 @ 10 00
LARD—Steam	4 82½ @ 4 85
NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Winter patent	4 80 @ 5 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red	97 @ 1 07
CORN—No. 2	26 @ 26½
RYE—No. 2	56½ @ 56½
OATS—Mixed	29 @ 29½
PORK—New Mess.	9 75 @ 10 00
LARD—Western	5 @ 5 10
BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR—Family	4 40 @ 4 70
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	1 00 @ 1 00½
Southern—Wheat	1 00½ @ 1 01
Corn—Mixed	24 @ 24½
Oats—No. 2 white	29½ @ 30
Rye—No. 2 western	54½ @ 54½
CATTLE—First quality	4 50 @ 4 70
HOGS—Western	4 20 @ 4 25
INDIANAPOLIS.	
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	92½ @ 92½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	27½ @ 27½
Oats—No. 2 mixed	23½ @ 23½
LOUISVILLE.	
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 75 @ 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	95 @ 95
Corn—Mixed	28½ @ 28½
Oats—Mixed	25 @ 25
PORK—New Mess.	9 75 @ 9 75
LARD—Steam	4 @ 4 75

Dr. Ayer's

is the name to remember when buying Sarsaparilla. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been curing people right along for nearly 50 years. That's why it is acknowledged to be the sovereign Sarsaparilla. It is the original and the standard. The record of the remedy is without a rival,—a record that is written in the blood of thousands, purified by its healing power.

"I nursed a lady who was suffering from blood poisoning and must have contracted the disease from her; for I had four large sores, or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external application and with various blood medicines; but in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. At last I purchased six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers were healed, the skin sound and natural, and my health better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I had rather have one bottle of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind."—Mrs. A. F. Taylor, Englewood, N. Dak.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Diplomatic Invitation.

Jack Fiance—It was a great surprise to me to learn that I had invited your neighbors, the Flatheads, on your wedding. I was sure, but I ascertained that they were in such unquestionably straitened circumstances that they wouldn't come. That means they won't have money to get us a wedding present, and we will have a legitimate provocation for cutting them afterward.—Judge.

Demand for More Battleships.

The Secretary of the Navy has demanded more battleships, and there can be no doubt that Congress will consider his recommendations. Protection is what our sea ports require, and fortifications will not adequately supply this. Defense against all disorders of a malarial type is, however, adequately afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an efficient remedy, also, for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism and nervousness.

Pawn It to Buy Presents.

Robinson—Are you going to hang your socks up this Christmas?
Jones—No; from the looks of things I shall probably be obliged to hang up my overcoat.—Up To Date.

From Baby in the High Chair.

To grandpa, in the rocker Grain-O is good for the whole family. It is the long-desired substitute for coffee. Never upsets the nerves or injures the digestion. Made from pure grain it is a food in itself. Has the taste and appearance of the best coffee at 1¢ the price. It is a genuine and scientific article and is come to stay. It makes for health and strength. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

The Only Cure.

Cholly—Have you anything that will stop the habit of cigarette smoking?
Druggist—Yes, sir. John, give the gentleman a box of "Rough on Rats!"—N. Y. World.

The John A. Salzer Seed Company, La Crosse, Wis., have shipped within 25 days 1,400 barrels of their celebrated Salzer's Earliest 6 Weeks Market Potato to Texas customers. This potato has the reputation of being the earliest, the finest flavored and the heaviest producing early potato in the country.

Where a man is too utterly trifling to do anything else, he hunts up an estate of his ancestors that he was cheated out of.—Washington Democrat.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—Ralph Erig, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

It is not nearly always the richest people who have the finest horse and buggy.—Washington Democrat.

The pain that tortures—sciatica. The Cure that cures it—St. Jacobs Oil.

There is room for everybody in this big world, but we can't all have front rooms.—Chicago Daily News.

Use St. Jacobs Oil and say to rheumatism: "Will see you later."

A man never gets too old to enjoy the picture of a pretty girl.—Washington Democrat.

Sore and stiff from cold; don't wait and suffer; use St. Jacobs Oil and get cured.

When a man turns over a new leaf he is never satisfied until he gets it blotted up worse than the old one.

The meanest thing one can do is not to ask a woman when she has a story to tell.—Washington Democrat.

MEN CALL WOMAN A MYSTERY.

So She is to Them—Not so to a Woman.

A Woman's Knowledge Saves Mrs. Ebbert From an Operation.



A woman understands women as a man never can hope to. For this reason Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., now known all over the English-speaking world, set to work to help her sex.

After long and patient investigation, Mrs. Pinkham confirmed her own conclusions, namely: that seven-eighths of the sufferings of women are due to disorders of the uterine system. Reasoning on this line, she saw that the only preventive of early breaking down, was a specific medicine which would act alone on the female organism.

This was why she prepared her excellent Vegetable Compound, which has been such a boon to thousands and thousands of women. If you have headaches chiefly at the top of the head, and are troubled by painful menstruation, dizziness, sleeplessness, backache, and that bearing-down feeling, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will tone up your whole system. Mrs. CHAS. D. EBBERT, 330 Wood St., Reading, Pa., testifies to the great power of the Compound.

"Mrs. Pinkham—I can say that your medicine has cured me of the pains and troubles which I had. My case was a very bad one, and puzzled the doctor. My womb had fallen and I had terrible pains in my back and hips. I could hardly walk. My husband went to our family doctor, and he prescribed medicine for me, but I found no relief, and grew worse instead of better. The doctor examined me and wanted to perform an operation, but my husband would not consent. Seeing the advertisement in the paper, I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and before I had taken half of the second bottle, I felt like a new woman. In all I have taken four bottles of your medicine, and can say that I am entirely cured. I hope that every woman suffering as I did, will follow my advice and take your medicine at once."



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A. N. K.—E 1894

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